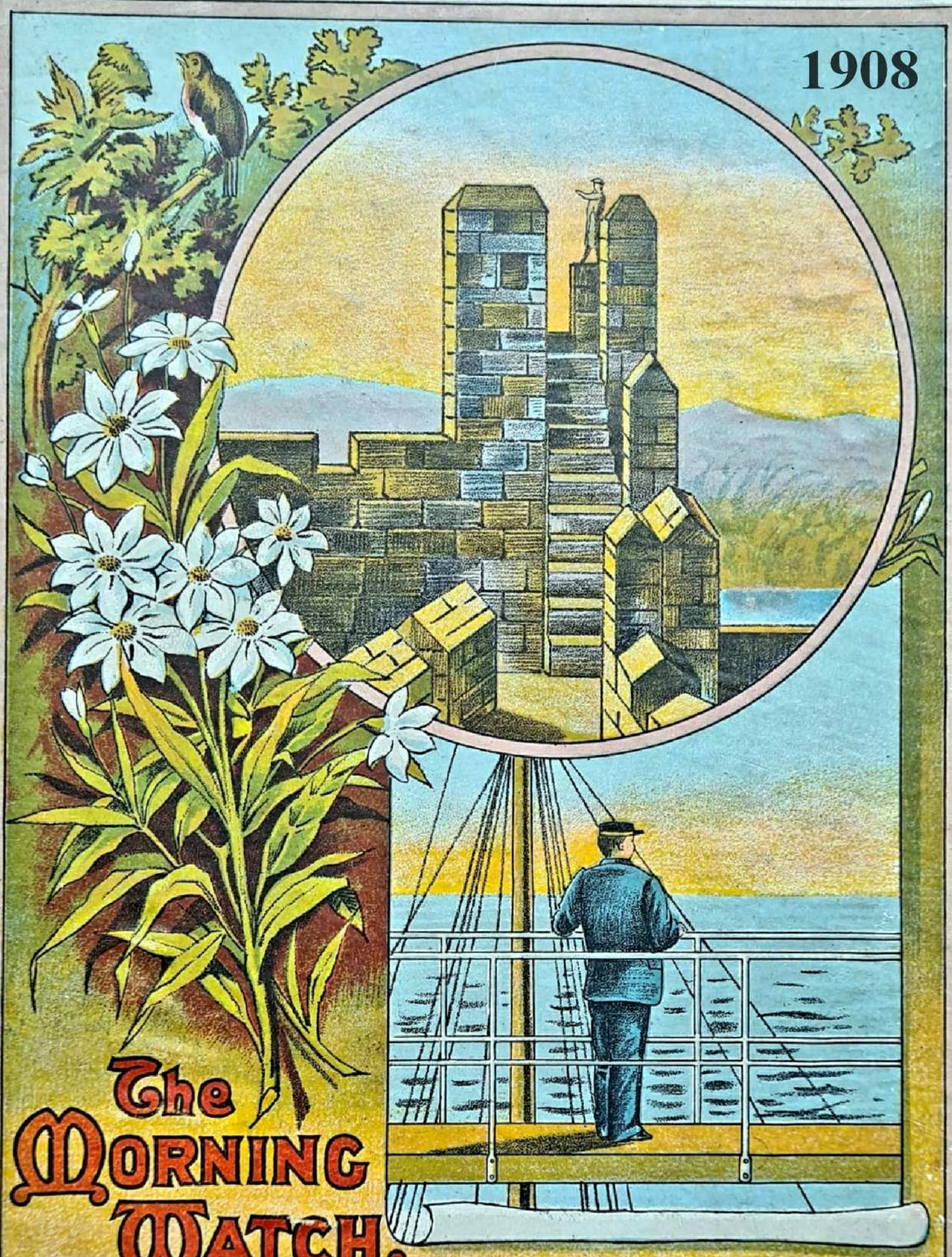

1908

The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

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Volume 21.

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January, 1908. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XXI. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 1.

"O what a lot you have grown last year!"

"Shall I grow more this year?"

THE MORNING WATCH *for 1907, Volume XX. is* NOW READY. *Price One Shilling.*

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Every day will I bless Thee.—Psalm 145.

THE late Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, in the *Memorials* of his life, tells of a Mrs. Susan Davidson, of Otterburn and Ridley Hall, who died at the age of 80, thirty years ago, who was known as the Great Lady of the Tyne. She was a light active little woman, with the most perfect figure imaginable, and always beautifully dressed. Her house stood on a grassy hill, and there were miles and miles of walks on her estates. But she was very lonely, for she was apt to take offence, and her chief friends seemed to be her dogs, of which she kept an immense number. Every servant had charge of one. When the footman came in to put on coal, his dog came in with him; when you met a housemaid in the passage, she had her dog along with her. They had chairs with cushions set for them on each side of the fire-place in her sitting-room; they went to church with her; and when they were ill the doctor was sent for, though each visit cost ten-and-sixpence. Further, in her garden she had 365 flower-beds, and it is in this particular that I hope you will all be like her. I hope you will have 365 flower-beds in this coming year, or rather, for it is leap year, 366.

On some days, doubtless, Mrs. Davidson would have more than the half of these in bloom at once, on other days not even one. But you, I hope, will have them all in bloom together, first, afar off in faith and hope, then presently in sweet experience, and ever afterwards in fragrant memory. Christ has gone before us to prepare a place each day for us, and wherever our Great High Priest has been, there is the smell of aloes, myrrh, and cassia. As He prepares a resting place for us, so must we prepare a resting place for Him by our praises and our gratitude, our obedience and our love. Let my Beloved come into His garden, and eat His pleasant fruits. O Lord our God, all this store that we have prepared cometh of Thine hand, and is all Thine Own.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

"Since I understood the meaning of my own Name, it hath been of some use to me: I pray that it may be so also to thee."—Walter Pringle of Greenknow, a Covenanter, writing to his child, 16th March, 1663.

(Continued from Vol. XX.)

What is thy name?

Susan.

These Notes on Women's Names were begun in the January Number of *The Morning Watch*, 1899, and have been continued month by month ever since, for now eight years. The first name taken up was *Abigail*, the last, *Susan*, 107 in all, and as there are only eleven or twelve that are still to do, the series, so far as I can see, will likely come to an end this year.

Here is an Inscription, seventeen hundred years old, taken from a wall in the Catacombs of Rome: "Once the happy daughter of the Presbyter GABINUS, here lies SUSANNA, joined with her father in peace." SUSAN, you may remember, means a Lily.

SUSANNA, wife of William White, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, holds two American "records," as we say now-a-days, records which can never be taken from her. She was the mother of the first English baby born in New England. This child, born on board the *Mayflower* in Cape Cod Harbour, was named *Peregrine*, which comes from two Latin words—*per*, through, and *ager*, a field—and is the same word as *Pilgrim*, and means a *stranger*, one who comes from over the way. 2. She was the first New England bride, for, her husband having died, she was married, after a brief widowhood, to Governor Winslow, himself a widower, on the 12th May, 1621.

When Peregrine became a man he petitioned for a special grant of land, on the ground, no doubt, that though first come he had been last served, and got 200 acres. He died at the age of 83. An apple tree planted by him on his lot was still bearing fruit a few years ago.

LADY SUSAN HERVEY had a son John, of whom Bishop Burnet tells us that he was one whom King Charles II. loved personally, and yet upon a great occasion he voted against that which the King desired, so that the King chid him severely for it. Next day, another important matter falling in, he voted as the King would have him. So the King took notice of it at night, and said, "You were not against me to-day." "No, sir," he answered, "I was against my conscience to-day."

SUSANNAH CLIFFORD of Frampton Court had a daughter Anne, whose epitaph is *Dum Virgo Dum Virago*, Both Maidenly and Masculine, or, as one has translated it, *Maid Manly-made*, she having served six hours on board her brother's fireship against the French off Beachy Head, June, 1690.

Another "manly maid" was SUSAN FROST, a Sussex woman, who saved Sir Charles James Napier, the future conqueror of Scinde, when he

What is thy name? Susan.

was an infant, from a murderous nurse, and ever after watched over him with inexpressible affection. During the troublous times of 1796 she was left with some of the youngest of the family, while the rest were in England, in charge of the family mansion near Dublin. The house was attacked by some hundreds of men clamouring for arms. They expected no resistance from a few maid-servants. The old serving man, Lauchlan Moore, acting under Susan's orders, defied them. Having put the children in one of the rooms, she stood outside the door armed with pistols, while Lauchlan shouted defiance. At last, when the men began to batter in the front door with a beam, he proposed to surrender, but Susan cried, "No! never, never! Let them take what they can; I will not give." The firing waxed hotter, the windows were all shattered with bullets, the door was yielding, and the assailants were pressing the assault, and all seemed lost, when suddenly the tumult ceased and the men hurried off. Susan at the first alarm had sent off a maid by a back way for help, and help had come. Twelve servants had been sent from a house a mile off, under the guidance of an old soldier, who had served through the siege of Gibraltar fifteen years before under General Eliott, and must have recognised in Susan a spirit akin to that which possessed that brave commander.

Josiah Quincy, an American orator and man of letters, President of Harvard University, 1772-1864, married in his 25th year MISS SUSAN MORTON, a lady whom he saw, wooed, and won, all in a week. He heard her singing a Scotch song in an adjoining room;

> And as the sweet voice of a bird,
> Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
> Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
> That sings so delicately clear, and make
> Conjecture of the plumage and the form,

so her voice moved him, as Enid's moved Geraint's in the *Idylls of the King*, and he

> Thought and said,
> Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.

They lived in unbroken happiness for more than fifty years, but to the end of his life Mr. Quincy could never understand, though he often meditated on the subject, how it was that her voice had had such power over him, seeing he was a man, to use his own words, "not very impressible by music."

One soweth, and another reapeth.—John 4, 37.

THERE were many happy boys in the village that Saturday forenoon, but none happier than Willie Rintoul was when Miss Penmore beckoned him to her front door, and, giving him half-a-box of matches and five or six newspapers, asked him to burn a heap of old rose-bushes and other rubbish that lay at the far-away end of her garden, close to the little lane at the back. She was going by railway to town, and would be away till the afternoon, but there was twopence to

himself, and if he saw any other clippings lying about, specially bits with thorns on them, he might add them to the heap and burn them with the rest. Willie could do nothing but grin with delight at such a combination of pleasures, and to be paid for it too! But neither she nor he knew the bigness and hardness of the task that was before him.

It was only the third dry day after a long time of rain, and there was much rubbish, all of it very damp, and a great deal of it very green, which it had been much better to

have put in a corner to make manure.

The prospect of a blaze soon brought Willie's companions from far and near, but when much paper and more than half the matches had been used, they grew tired of their ineffectual little fires, and were with difficulty kept from making an independent blaze of the paper that was left. The sight of a dancing bear, which two Russians were leading along the road, was counter attraction enough, and poor Willie, in a twinkling, was left to his hopeless task alone. I don't think he would have given over trying in any case, for he was a plucky little fellow, but he had been paid for the job, and that left him no choice.

For two hours and more he strove and strove in vain. The newspapers were all done except one which he was loth to burn, for his eye had caught the words, "Exciting Rescue at Sea, Five Days without Food in an Open Boat, Thrilling Narrative." Like the Israelites in Egypt he had run hither and thither gathering straw, but that too was done, and he had only five matches left. Several passers by had looked at him, as he knelt, making a bellows of his mouth. Several told him he should have got more paper, one or two asked him if he hadn't any paraffin, almost everybody informed him that it was too late in the year for that kind of work, for the stuff was far too wet. One or two women sympathised with him, and one especially almost made him cry at the kindly motherly way in which she said, "I doubt you are going to be beat, my mannie."

Three matches were now all that remained, and Willie was standing thinking what he must try as a last resource, when old Mr. Cameron the elder looked over the dyke, and after a little talk came to his help.

"I think, Willie," he said, "we'll ease the fire up a little and let in more air, there's a fine breeze blowing just now, and give me that paper and ——."

"There's a story in it I would like to read"

"Quite right, Willie, but we can cut out that bit, and syne we'll see what we can dae."

And then the old man struck a match, but alas! the head broke off. "That's nane sae guid, Willie; we maun be careful," and with that he struck another, and the flame caught instantly, and caught, and caught still more, and in five minutes the fire was roaring!

"Now, Willie, my man," said the old elder as the boy stood staring at him, "ye think it was me that did it, but it wasna me. It was yourself. Ye've been burning and blowing awa' at it for mair than twa hours, and ye thocht ye was daeing nae guid, but the stuff was drying a' the time and getting ready. It was just a case o' ane sowing and anither reaping. Ye mind the minister preaching about that a wheen Sabbaths ago, and it often happens, and it's a guid lesson for ye to learn when ye're young. Ye've wrocht weel, and there's anither penny to ye. But there's a lot o' thorns lying about, and see and

gather them up, and don't leave the place till the last bit o' wood's burned and there's nothing left but a little round heap o' ashes. Fire's no a thing to be trusted. Miss Penmore will be brawly pleased when she comes back, and I'll look in and tell your mother when I'm passing that you'll maybe no be hame for a wee whilie yet."

Willie did the old man's bidding, though he found more thorny bits

lying about than he had expected, and he got his hands well scratched too, but every scratch was a mark of honour, while the digging out of the thorns proved a source of envy and admiration for a whole week at school.

Chapter II.

Thirty years afterwards Willie's minister was lying dying. Willie, or rather Mr. Rintoul, as we must call him now, was his wisest and his favourite elder. The old man was in great distress.

"I have made many a mistake," he said, "and indeed I have done little else than make mistakes, and I am not seeking to justify myself, that's the last thing I have a right to do. Yet I can say that I did try to do some work for God, and I have seen no fruit—no fruit."

"But, sir," said the elder, "the fruit's on the way. One sows, another reaps. Do you no mind preaching on that text long long ago? You remember old Mr. Cameron? He was greatly taken with that sermon." And then Mr. Rintoul told the story of the burning, and after a time left the old man not a little comforted.

Chapter III.

Twelve months afterwards, on the road home from the meeting of Session, at which they had been receiving new Communicants, the young minister was speaking about the pleasure he had in meeting with them privately, "and there were so many of them, too. After having twelve at the last Communion, I hardly looked for sixteen this time. You didn't use to have so many, did you?"

"No, sir," was the answer, "we always had at least one, but many a time no more than one."

"And how do you account for that? for I am sure I have heard many many a time that Mr. Chalmers was a good man and that he was always preaching Christ."

"Well, sir, I think it's this way. One sows but another reaps. Don't take it ill if I say Christ sent you to reap that whereon you bestowed no labour. Another man laboured, and you are entered into his labours. I mind our old minister preached once on that when I was a boy, and two or three weeks afterwards a thing happened that I've never forgotten." And then he told the story of the burning once more. "You see, sir, it's just this way. One man dries and warms the wood, another comes and sets it on fire, and then they rejoice together."

The Snow-Boots.

I THINK I must tell you the whole story of the Snow-boots referred to on page 11.

The lady who wore them had no love for the humble church in which her people had worshipped for four generations. She was always apologizing for belonging to it, and when any one began to speak of it, was careful to let it be known that she knew nobody in the congregation, and would hint, though she scarcely dared say so in so many words, that there was really no one in it whom a lady could associate with. The

father of the lad who was Third Wrangler at Cambridge and Fellow and Tutor of Peterhouse—was that the blacksmith? No, she didn't know him, nor the old quarryman either, whose son had just won a great scholarship at Oxford. But she would surely know the mother of the young apprentice engineer whom all the papers were talking about, who, after three years of nightly toil in a cellar after his day's work was done, had invented a machine which would have made his fortune, if only some man in Leeds had not taken out a patent for the same invention three weeks before him? No, she hadn't heard that story, and wouldn't know the woman if she met her; but surely it was very silly of the lad not to have gone with his papers or drawings or whatever it was three weeks earlier. But that was just like the people in that church—there was such an utter want of intelligence in them. But really she felt she ought not to judge them that way after all, for, as she had said before, there wasn't one of them, man or woman, that she spoke to from the one end of the year to the other.

She had now for some time been on the look-out for some excuse for leaving the church, and she found it at last in these snow-boots!

The first time she took snow-boots to church she left them in the porch, and the elder at the "plate," who had never seen such things before, had set them, in the kindness of his heart, on the top of a hot air pipe to dry. When she went to put them on, the uppers came away in her hand, and the soles were left sticking to the pipe; at anyrate, that is what was said.

Four Sabbaths afterwards we had such a day of wind and rain and sleet as would almost have justified her in staying at home, if weather can ever be a justification for that. But, knowing that it was the same elder's turn to be at the door again, she determined to come and handsel her new pair and humble the elder into the bargain.

Having put her shilling in the plate, she stooped and removed her boots very deliberately, and then took them up in her hand. The elder, as she anticipated, came forward with awkward grace to take charge of them. Then, with a manner that was even more chilling to look at than the great wet flakes of sleet, she said, "No, thank you. I don't wish this pair to be destroyed the way the last were." And then, sailing majestically down the narrow little passage, she ostentatiously deposited the boots on the floor at the end of her seat, and, satisfied at having given the elder a proper snub, bowed her head for a little in prayer and composed herself for the worship of God.

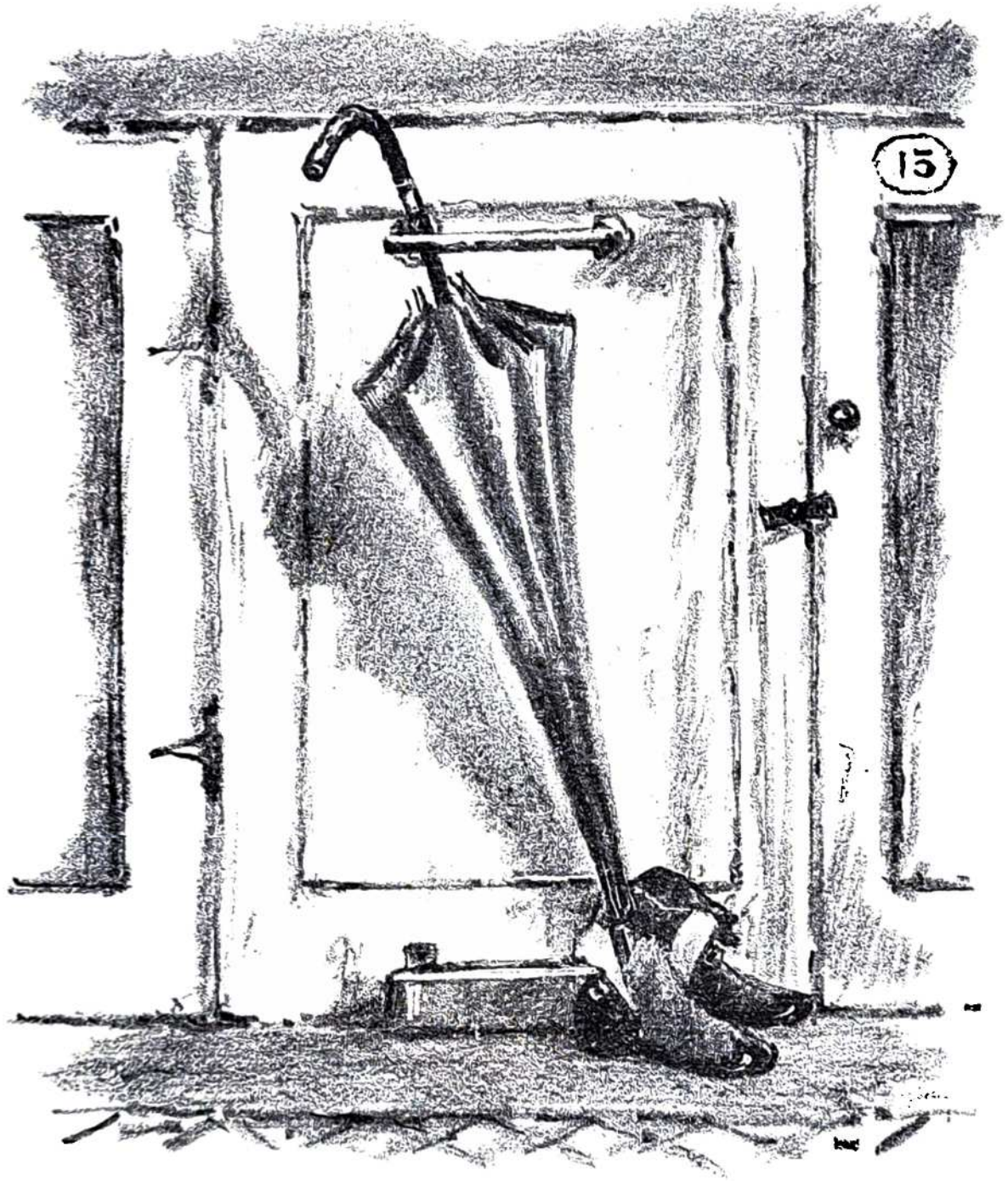
A little after, an elderly man came down the aisle, and, after fumbling with his umbrella and the dripping-pan, passed into the seat behind her. Next she heard two little girls who sat in a seat that lay crosswise to hers giggling and tittering, though what at she did not know. But she knew when worship was over. The dripping umbrella had been planted right in the middle of one of the

boots, and there was the boot half-full of water! What she said to the owner of the umbrella he never told, and she never told, and indeed she did not remember. She was, naturally, much annoyed to begin with, but the consciousness that she was somehow making a mistake made her angry. It was the darkest Sabbath of the year and the lamps had not been lit, but there was something in the face and a great deal more in the voice that made her feel the man she was speaking to was not the old miller's man she had at first taken him for. This much, however, is certain, for some of the people heard it: she told him it was a most insulting thing he had done, and a poor trick for anybody, especially a man of his age, to play on a lady. Then, when he begged her pardon and tried to explain to her that he was extremely short-sighted, she interrupted him and told him his short-sightedness—if he was short-sighted, which she very much doubted—was no excuse. It was not the first time she had been insulted in that church, but she could assure him and the rest of the elders and deacons that it would be the last. One of the young people affirmed that she added that she would never enter their door again, and that she shook the dust off her shoes, "only," said the girl, "she would have to run the water out of them first, and there was nearly half-a-gallon!"

She "lifted her lines," that is, her certificate of membership, that week, saying in her letter to the minister, that as she had long ceased to derive any spiritual nourishment from his preaching — which was true—and had made up her mind to go elsewhere, an interview would be neither necessary nor advantageous. By the following Sabbath she had taken a sitting in the fashionable church in the parish.

The elderly man, to her chagrin, turned out to be Sir Harry MacGregor, K.C.S.I., late of the Indian Woods and Forests Department, a newcomer to our neighbourhood, and, as it turned out, a great lover of our old-fashioned Scotch ways; and every Sabbath on her way to her new church she passes him and his motherless little boy on their way to her old one.

And the incident is not likely ever to be forgotten in the parish, for it has added a new phrase to our vocabulary. It is to our local auctioneer we owe it. It was at what we call a displenishing sale. "The next lot," he said, "is number 42, an umbrella stand. Shall I say two guineas? One guinea? One shilling is bid! THANK YOU. Thank you VERY MUCH indeed, Mrs. Hawthorne. I feel encouraged, and uplifted, and if I had been selling firewood I should have been positively elated; but this is not firewood. This, ladies and gentlemen, perhaps I should explain, is an article much used in the halls of the nobility. It is called an umbrella-stand—that is to say, it is a receptacle for putting dripping umbrellas in, and for such a purpose is an extremely useful thing, *if you don't happen to have a snow-boot handy!*"



Reasons for not going to Church. 10th Series.—No. 1.

The Lady who used to sit in this seat has left the church, because, on a very stormy Sabbath, a dripping umbrella was put accidentally—she says, DELIBERATELY, in one of her snow-boots.

1	W	This is the day which the Lord hath made ; we will rejoice and be glad in it. *Ps. 118, 24.*
2	TH	If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that.—*James 4, 16.*
3	F	But now ye rejoice in your boastings : all such rejoicing is evil. Carlyle, in his *Frederick the Great*, tells of a little Prussian Prince who was killed by the noise of the cannon firing for joy at his birth.
4	S	Rejoice with trembling.—*Psalm 2, 11.*
5	S	Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.—*Matt. 21, 28.*
6	M	Are there not twelve hours in the day ?—*John 11, 9.*
7	TU	To every man He gave according to his several ability.
8	W	After a long time He reckoneth with them.—*Matt. 25, 14-19.*
9	TH	So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.—*Rom. 14, 12.*
10	F	Teach us to number our days.—*Ps. 90, 12.*
11	S	Buying up the opportunity.—*Col. 4, 5 (R.V., Margin).* The great Marquis of Dalhousie, Governor-General of India, wrote on the first page of his first diary, begun when he was a school-boy of 12, "Do everything in its proper place ; do everything at the proper time ; do everything in the proper way."
12	S	Now it is high time for you to awake out of sleep.—*Rom. 13, 11.*
13	M	Have ye not read ?—*Luke 6, 3.*
14	TU	Understandest thou what thou readest ?—*Acts 8, 30.*
15	W	This people's heart is waxed gross,—*Matt. 13, 15.*
16	TH	And their ears are dull of hearing,
17	F	And their eyes they have closed. "Facts and doctrines in the Bible had been presented to me so often, and had sunken into me so far, that, as some one has said, they 'lay bedridden in the dormitory of the soul,' and made no impression of any kind upon me."—*Father and Son by Edmund Gosse.*
18	S	I will take the stony heart out of their flesh.—*Ezek 11, 19.*
19	S	God keepeth truth for ever.—*Ps. 146, 6.*
20	M	Jesus said, I tell you the truth.—*John 8, 45.*
21	TU	The Spirit of truth will guide you into all truth.—*John 16, 13.*
22	W	The devil is a liar.—*John 8, 44.*
23	TH	Lying lips are abonimation to the Lord :
24	F	But they that deal truly are His delight.—*Prov. 12, 22.*
25	S	A lying tongue is but for a moment.—*v. 19.* It was said of Prince Metternich, an Austrian diplomatist, 1773-1859, "Il ment toujours et ne trompe jamais," He is always lying and never deceives, that is, no one is taken in by it.
26	S	I am the Alpha and the Omega.—*Rev. 22, 13 R.V.*
27	M	They go from strength to strength.—*Ps. 84, 7.* To me at least was never evening yet But seemed far beautifuller than its day.—*Browning.*
28	TU	Thou hast kept the good wine until now.—*John 2, 10.*
29	W	He loved them unto the end.—*John 13, 1.*
30	TH	Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.—*Jer. 31, 3.*
31	F	The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.—*Ps. 138, 8.*

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The Morning Watch.

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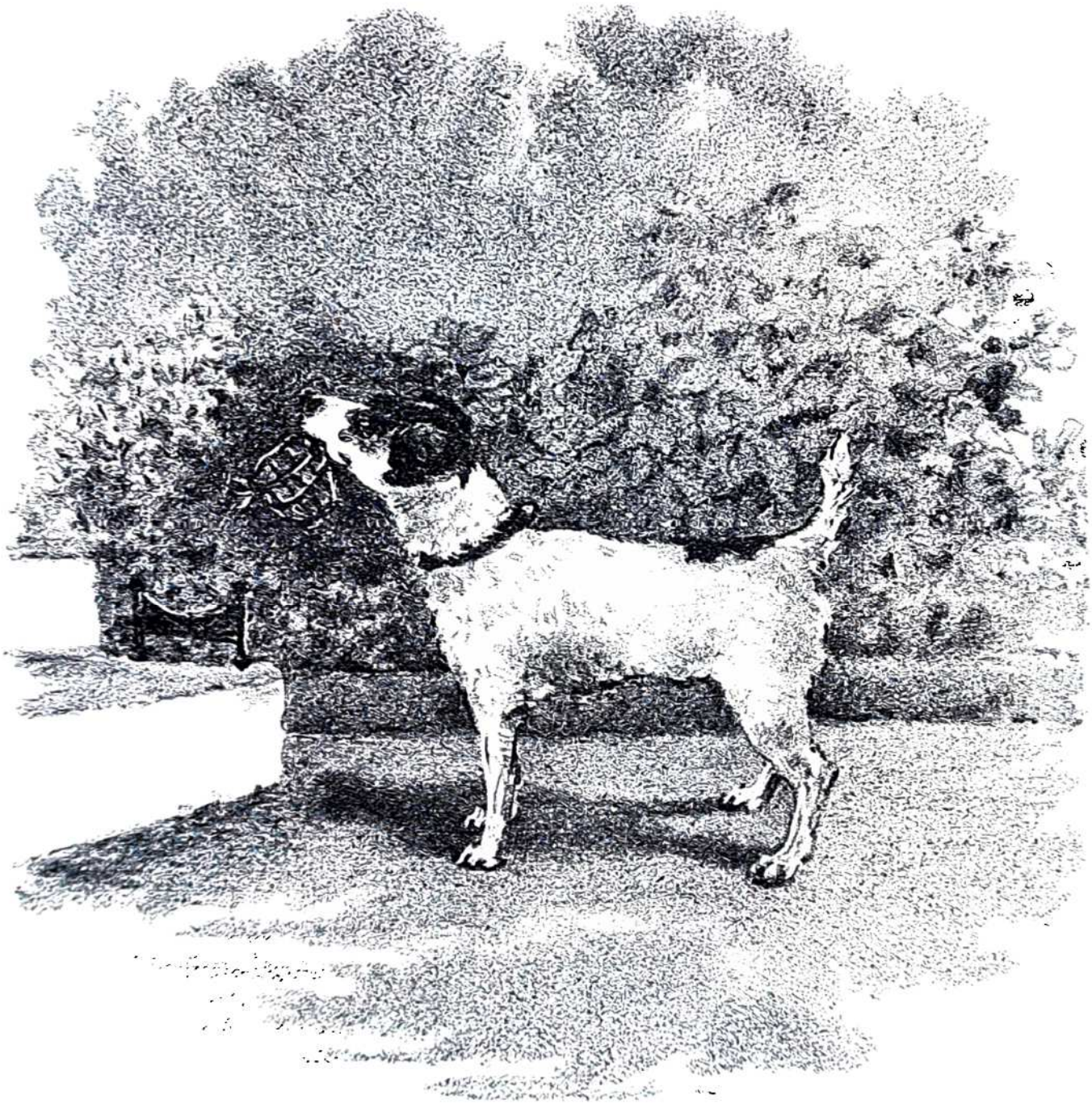

"I have seen such a Good Conscientious Dog to-day; his muzzle had come off, and he was bringing it home in his mouth!"—Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh.

THE MORNING WATCH *for 1907, Volume XX. is* NOW READY. *Price One Shilling.*

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Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., and XIX., 1901. 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

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If their hearts be humbled, and they then accept the punishment of their iniquity.—Lev. 26. 41.

DR. JOHN BROWN, the author of *Rab and His Friends*, was above most men a lover of dogs and a discerner of their spirits, yet may he not have been wrong in reading the thoughts of the dog he saw carrying its muzzle?

1. The dog may have been a stupid one, not knowing what it was doing. Dr. Brown himself said once of another dog, "There goes what people call a 'magnificent' St. Bernard; but he is a complete intake, like many men and some women. He has a good face, handsome figure, and no brains worth mentioning."

Or 2. It may have been a clever dog in "a brown study," with its mind wandering for the moment, and carrying the muzzle mechanically as something vaguely connected with it.

Or 3. It may have been a humorous dog, bent on showing the Police the absurdity of some bye-law.

Or 4. It may have been a hypocrite that had found out how to get the muzzle off whenever it was out of its master's sight, and was going to put it on again whenever it came to the end of the Crescent.

Or 5. It may have been wishing to set restless fretful dogs a good example.

Or 6. It may have been trying to point out to bad vicious dogs how much obloquy and trouble they brought on well-doing ones.

Or 7. It may have known that there was a chance of meeting Dr. Brown, and he might write a little book about it and immortalize it as he had done some others.

Or 8. It may have been taught by God to know the wickedness of its heart, and to feel that in certain states of the weather it could not trust itself.

Or, lastly, God may have commanded it to do it to teach you and me to say, especially when we cannot help being in certain kinds of company—I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

Set, Lord, a watch before my mouth,
Keep of my lips the door.
Incline Thou not my heart unto
The ills I should abhor.

A British Ambassador was asked how he managed to keep his temper on a certain occasion amid great provocation. "I remembered," he said, "that I was paid by my country not to lose it." So ought we to remember that our body is a temple of the Holy Ghost, and we are not our own; for we were bought with a price.

The Apostle Peter's muzzles are

about the best; indeed, so beautifully made are they that they may actually be used as ornaments, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. And this is the way to make them: Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness love of the brethren; and to love of the brethren love. Seven straps in all, with a casing inside and outside of Love.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32 27.

(Continued from page 4.)

What is thy name? Susan.

SUSANNA was the name of Shakespeare's elder daughter. She was married 5th June, 1607, to Mr. John Hall, M.A., a rising Stratford physician of Puritan leanings. She inherited the chief part of her father's estate, and, they say, some of his shrewdness, and it was to her care he committed his wife in his will. She died 11th July, 1649, and was buried beside her husband in Stratford churchyard. This is her epitaph:—

"Witty above her sex, but that's not all,
Wise to Salvation was good Mistress Hall;
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
Wholly of Him with Whom she's now in bliss.
Then, passenger, hast ne'er a tear
To weep with her that wept with all?
That wept, yet set herself to cheer
Them up with comforts cordial.
Her Love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne'er a tear to shed."

MRS. SUSAN COLLET, sister of Nicholas Ferrar, 1592-1637, theologian, had eight sons and eight daughters. Seven of the daughters were named after the chief virtues—Patient, Cheerful, Affectionate, Submiss, Obedient, Moderate, Charitable. There is a picture of them in *John Inglesant* in their house in Huntingdonshire as they were busied making Scripture Harmonies, "cutting out passages from two Testaments, which they pasted together so neatly as to seem one book, and in such a manner as to enable the reader to follow the narrative in all its particulars from beginning to end without a break, and also to see which of the sacred authors had contributed any particular part."

"In a book of 'Likes' and 'Dislikes' such as was the fashion to have many years ago, MISS SUSAN FERRIER the novelist wrote as her ideal, 'Never to lose the halo round life,' and this was granted to her, and gave her that wonderful power of transforming the light of common day and commonplace people into something rare and strange."—*Mrs. Sellar's Recollections.*

On the 29th December last there died in London, in her 93rd year, SUSAN BROWN, daughter of an officer of the 92nd Highlanders who fought in Egypt under General Abercrombie, and wife of Mr. John

What is thy name?

Susan.

Brinsmead, "the father of the piano trade in Britain." When people have been married fifty years they call it a *Golden* wedding; the sixtieth anniversary they call a *Diamond* wedding; but a seventieth anniversary is a thing so unheard of that when Mr. and Mrs. Brinsmead celebrated theirs a few months ago they had to coin a name for it, and so they called it their *Radium* wedding. Mr. Brinsmead, in sending out the invitations to the gathering, said jestingly that every one who came was expected to bring as a gift nothing less than a chunk of that rarest and most precious of all known substances in the created universe.

I sometimes wonder what couple in the world's history hold the "record" for length of married life. Perhaps in the days before the Flood there were husbands and wives who lived 600, 700, or even 800 years together. But, oh, what if they were unequally yoked!

Elise Averdieck.

[A Friend in Hamburg who holds with honour a high judicial appointment—I would have given you his long fine-sounding title if I had known how to spell it!—has kindly sent me the following interesting story of a life lately closed in that city. He has with characteristic modesty asked me to correct his "Germanisms." But I think you will agree with me that, such as they are, they only add an additional charm and piquancy to his delightful narrative.—Ed. M.W.]

"THE 4th of November, 1907, died in Hamburg, nearly 100 years old, Elise Averdieck, well known to all Hamburg people and a good friend to a great deal of them, the best friend to all children who knew her or have read her little books. As you may see at her portrait, she was a nice old lady, but she was much more than that. 'Aunt Elise,' as her friends called her, was through all her life a success in the best sense of the word to every thing she touched at, and a blessing to all whom she met.

"Born the 26th February, 1808, her earliest remembrances mingled with the hard times of the French war in the beginning of the 19th Century, especially with those sad winter days of 1813-1814 when the French oppressed Hamburg to the uttermost, while the Allies tried through ten months in vain to get them out of the town. Afterwards, as I am told, she has been a pretty young girl, a good dancer, and well beloved by all her family and friends. But in early days already she felt compelled to give herself in the service of poor and helpless people. She became, now about 80 years ago, a nurse in Dr. Günther's Institute for Crippled Children, where she lived and worked for some years. About 1837 she opened a school for little boys, and that thing suited exceptionally well to her. She understood exceedingly well to deal with boys whom she always preferred a little to the girls. Many famous Hamburg gentlemen, great merchants, bürgermeister (lord-mayors), high judges, and others, have learned the a b c in her school, where they had to address and to regard her not as a teacher but as their dear 'Aunt Elise.' When she celebrated her 90th birthday in 1898 a group of

gentlemen, 50 and 60 years old, might have been seen at her lodgings greeting her with one of the old childish songs they had learned to sing in her school when they had been little boys.

"In the time of her school-keeping she wrote the first and best known of her books for children, 'Karl and Marie,' 'Roland and Elisabeth,' 'Lottchen und Ihre Kinder.' It is not easy to give an idea of the wonderful charm of these little books. You will find there the story of some children in a good Hamburg merchant family, a description of what the children are doing the day, the week, the year round, how they live with their parents, their friends, their dogs and birds, their toils. Two characteristics I may mention: the narrative is always kept in the present tense, and the descripted children are thinking and feeling and argumenting and acting, not like grown up people, as you will find it in so many other books about children, but as children really use to think, to feel, to argument, and to act.

"In the year of 1856 Elise Averdieck gave up school-keeping, for she had been guided in an extraordinary manner to another calling. Walking with a sister of her in the streets of Hamburg some day, she met with a man helplessly fallen ill in the street, and as nobody was there to help the man, the two sisters carried him with them and nursed him. This event brought the plan to her mind to start a *Diakonissenhaus*, that is, a home for learned nurses connected with an Infirmary, where women live, united as in a family, to nurse the ill people in the Infirmary, and ready to go everywhere in the houses of the poor where their help is needed. It is the Diakonissen und Heilaushalt Bethesda in Hamburg, with now about a hundred beds and half an hundred nurses—*Schwestern*, Sisters, as we call them. Through 25 years Elise Averdieck superintended Bethesda 'under so many blessings and with so great a fidelity and giving all her high gifts and forces,' as it is said in the Act concerning her resignation as Oberin or Bethesdamutter in regard of her high age. It is characteristic for her strength that the first thing she did after her resigning was to go abroad. She stayed the next winter, then 73 years old, in England.

"And yet 26 years she lived still, only four months wanted of a full century, always healthy, always merry, beloved by all who ever met her, writing now and then, every Sunday in her seat under the chair of the Stiftskirche, and every summer on sea-side in a little place at the Baltic. Hers was an age really blessed, and so it rested to the last, neither her bodily nor her mental forces much changed. She had been a little ill in the last days, but her soul was clear and her mind merry. The afternoon, few hours before the end, she had her coffee with the ladies of her family with whom she lived. Then she became weaker and weaker, and died not without a little struggling, as you may expect for a nature of such

force, but in the full and sure hope for her Lord Jesus Christ. Her last prayer was the words of an old German hymn usually sung during the Communion.

O Lamm Gottes unschuldig
Am Stamm des Kreuzes geschlachtet,
Allzeit gefunden geduldig,
Wiewohl Du wurdest verachtet.
All Sünd hast Du getragen
Sonst müsten wir verzagen ;
Erbarm Dich unser, O Jesu."

O spotless Lamb of God,
  Who on the Cross wast slain,
Who meekly didst the load
  Of cruel hate sustain,
Who all our sin didst bear,
Else we were in despair,
  Pity Thou us, O Jesus !

A Story of Leap Year.

CHAPTER I.

ONE wet autumn many years ago, when farmers were sorely tempted to carry in their grain on one or two dry Sabbaths, our minister preached from the text, "Six days thou shalt work, but on the seventh day thou shalt rest: in earing (that is, in ploughing) time and in harvest thou shalt rest." He told the farmers that God had foreseen their difficulty and that He knew the greatness of the trial, but them that honoured Him He would honour. And he told us all never to say, "I am so busy I haven't time to say my prayers this morning." The busier we were, he said, the more need we had to ask God to come with us and help us. One of the farmers, I remember, said the minister didn't know what he was talking about, and if the rain kept on, and next Sabbath happened to be the first good day, he would work himself and make every man, woman, and child about the place work too. All which in due time he did, and some of his neighbours envied him on the Monday, but it was he who envied them on the Tuesday when he saw them all 'leading' as hard as they could on the finest day of the season, while he and his men were taking his stacks smoking with heat all down again.

CHAPTER II.

When Mrs. Paxton's husband was dying he said to his young wife, "You'll have a big struggle, my lass, but I know you'll do your best. Keep out of debt, and never apply to the Board. Bring the weans up to be brave and honest, take them to church every Sabbath; and try to have family worship every morning and every night. We have had it these ten years, and there's no reason for stopping it though I'm away from you. We'll still be a family, in heaven and on earth. But I know I didn't need to say that to you. You'll do your best, and maybe the Angels will tell me now and again how you are getting on. But whether or no, I know it will be well with you, and I'll be as sure of that yonder as I am here."

And she, poor woman, did have a struggle, but she was never beat, though she was very near it several times, and once especially.

CHAPTER III.

Work that winter was very scarce in the city, and when in reply to her answer to an advertisement Mrs. Paxton got eighteen dozen blouses to "finish," she counted herself a lucky woman. The pay, no doubt, was small, so small that you would not believe me if I told you. But it was the conditions that were attached that made the bargain a particularly cruel one. She was shown one of the blouses in the state in which she was to get them, and another as they were to be when finished. They were to be all ready by 6 p.m. on the last day of the month; for every unfinished blouse, and for every spoilt or unsatisfactory one—of which Jasper Evans, Esq.,—(whoever he was)—was to be sole judge, she was to be fined 2/-. "Take them or want

them," she was told when she hesitated, "we have over thirty applications from other women who will be glad to get the work to do."

"I'll take them," she said, after a brief calculation in her mind, "and I'll sign the conditions if you insist on it, though I never knew of such a thing being done before."

CHAPTER IV.

She got on fairly well with the first four or five dozen, though even these needed more work than the sample shown her. But the next package, and the next, and the next—oh dear! And now to-morrow was the last day of the month. She had forgotten when she made the promise, and they had not reminded her, how short the month of February is. There was nothing for her to do but sit up all night. But she and her children had worship, all the same, before they were put to bed. The Psalm that came up that night in ordinary course for singing was the 31st, at the 15th verse:

My times are wholly in Thine hand:
Do Thou deliver me
From their hand that mine enemies
And persecutors be.

When morning came she saw her task to be impossible. For a moment she thought of doing without worship, and I for one could not have blamed her. To continue sewing, however, was impossible, so great was her agitation.

"It can't be done, and I needn't try it," she said, "and I'll have more to pay in fines than I'll get in wages. Oh but it's hard!"

It seemed, indeed, as if all the billows were going over her head, for when she asked the children to come for worship, the Bible she always used, and had used the night before, was not to be found! and seeking for it lost her another precious five minutes. "Just bring the big one off the 'drawers' head,'" she said at last. And they sang the verses beginning:

Let me not be ashamed, O Lord,
For on Thee called I have.

As she was closing the book before kneeling in prayer—for she followed her husband's plan, first reading a few verses of a chapter, then singing, then praying—an old copy of the Shorter Catechism fell out of it and went under the table. When the prayer was over—and it was a very despondent one—her youngest child picked the Catechism up, and looking at the outside of the brownish yellow cover, said, "Look, mother." There was a *Grace before Meat* on it and a *Grace after Meat*, and a Multiplication Table. The sight of these things brought back old times to her, and smiling through her tears she opened the little book, and on the other side of the cover saw the old familiar tables—12 inches = 1 foot, and so on, and so on. And then there were six lines of rhyme:

Thirty days have September,
April, June, and November.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Saving February alone,
Which has twenty-eight days clear,
And twenty-nine in each Leap Year.

"Leap Year!" she cried. "And this is Leap Year, and I had forgotten all about it! I've got another day! I'll manage them yet!"

CHAPTER V.

And manage them she did, and

with two hours to spare. But if you had seen Mr. Cradish's face when she said, "That's the lot!" He was a big, burly, impudent man, but was so much taken aback that he could hardly speak. He had hoped, if not to take money from her, at least to bully her into asking none. But he had still one string to his bow. Leaving the room he returned with a note from Mr. Jasper Evans, "though I don't

believe there was no such person," declaring that 4s. was to be deducted from her pay, several of the blouses not being conform to sample.

The closing verses of the 31st Psalm served Mrs. Paxton and her children well these last two days. When she returned from the shop they sang:

O love the Lord, all ye His saints;
Because the Lord doth guard
The faithful, and He plenteously
Proud doers doth reward.

"That second line is true," she said, "and we must make the first one true too, and if that man doesn't mend his ways, though I hope he will, perhaps he'll see the last line come true too."

CHAPTER VI.

Messrs. Cradish & Griggsby's Spring Sale was a greater success even than they had hoped. The Wholesale Birmingham Warehouse's Bankrupt Stock which they had bought, and the 50 dozen Paris-made blouses, as they described them in their advertisements, went off like smoke. On the second day of the sale it was announced that the blouses at 1/11¾ were all gone, but that a new supply had been ordered by telegram, and that these would be ready next day at 2/5½ each, a figure which they declared it would be impossible to repeat. Indeed, they said, these were to be sold at a loss simply to avoid disappointing their friends and patrons and the public generally.

And verily the Firm had their reward. Their name became a household word. In four years Mr. Cradish had set up his carriage and pair and was bringing up his two sons as gentlemen. In other four he bought out Mr. Griggsby for £30,000, and duly advertised the fact. Then the tide turned. The two young gentlemen proved proper rascals, their father's health gave way, and the names of other firms became household words in turn. And now if you say "Cradish & Griggsby" in company, it is only people that are over fifty that remember them. "Cradish & Griggsby! Hold on a minute! I've heard that name. Let me see! Cradish, Cradish—oh yes, now I remember! That's the man that used to give the grandest balls in the city, and I think, I think I heard that when he died he had a little shop for selling remnants somewhere in the south of England; and there was an ugly story about his partner, too, but I can't remember what it was; something to do with gambling." Yes,

He plenteously
Proud doers doth reward.

———◒———

Answer a fool according to his folly.
—Prov. 26, 5.

MR. ROBERT E. SPEER in his book *The Marks of a Man* tells of a brave Swede who was urged by his friends to give up the idea of going as a missionary to India, because it was so hot there. "Man," they said to him, "it is 120° in the shade!"

"Well," said he, with noble contempt, "we don't always have to live in the shade, do we?"

There is no replying to a man who can argue that way!

Reasons for not going to Church. 10th Series.—No. 2.

This man, who is called by his comrades the "Salamander" from his coolness in emergencies, is on duty, to his great regret he says, three Sabbaths out of every four, but has given over going to Church this winter because the fumes of a hot air pipe which passes the end of his seat were almost like to suffocate him the last time he was there.

1	S	He being dead yet speaketh.—*Heb. 11, 4.* Over the doors of the great library of Murcia, in Spain, are the words: "Here the dead open the eyes of the living."
2	S	Many of His disciples walked no more with Him.—*John 6, 67.*
3	M	Jesus said therefore unto the twelve, Would ye also go away?—*(R. V.)*
4	Tu	I hate putting away, saith the God of Israel.—*Mal. 2, 16 (R. V.)*
5	W	The disciples said, Send the multitudes away.
6	Th	But Jesus said, They have no need to go away.—*Matt. 14, 15 (R. V.)*
7	F	All things are ready: come unto the marriage.—*Matt. 22, 4.*
8	S	Compel them to come in.—*Luke 14, 23.* "President Roosevelt shakes hands with thousands every reception day; he is strong and equal to the strain; besides, he has a way of eagerly greeting each person in the long line *and quite as eagerly pushing him along the line.*"—*London "Daily Telegraph's" New York Correspondent.*
9	S	Take heed, and be quiet.—*Is. 7, 4.*
10	M	Sing.—*Ps. 105, 2.*
11	Tu	Be not anxious.—*Matt. 6, 31 (R. V.)*
12	W	Hope thou in God.—*Ps. 42, 5.*
13	Th	I will hope continually.—*Ps. 71, 14.*
14	F	Thou preparest a table before me.—*Ps. 23, 5.*
15	S	They did eat their meat with gladness.—*Acts 2, 46.* "Use three Physicians: first use Dr. Quiet, Next Dr. Merriman, and Dr. Diet."
16	S	I so run, as not uncertainly.—*1 Cor. 9, 26.*
17	M	So fight I, not as one that beateth the air. "An American tramp was offered meals and a day's wage to chop with the back of an axe on a fallen trunk. He tried it and then gave up. 'I can't go on chopping when I can't see the chips fly.'"—*R. L. Stevenson's Letters.*
18	Tu	He that ploweth ought to plow in hope.—*1 Cor. 9, 10 (R. V.)*
19	W	Your labour is not in vain in the Lord —*1 Cor. 15, 58.*
20	Th	Thou shalt eat the labour of thy hands.—*Ps. 128, 2.*
21	F	They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.—*Ps. 126, 5.*
22	S	He shall see of the travail of His soul.—*Is. 53, 11.*
23	S	Things which must shortly come to pass.—*Rev. 1, 1.*
24	M	Shortly I must put off this my tabernacle.—*2 Pet. 1, 14.*
25	Tu	Surely I come quickly.—*Rev. 22, 20.* "Fancy this world's enjoyment at the greatest height imagination can suggest (which yet rarely or never happens), but let us grant it could, and last to fourscore years, is this more than the quickest thought to eternity? Oh, my child! fix on that word Eternity!"—*Lady Rachel Russell to her son, the Duke of Bedford, 1706.*
26	W	The days of the years of my pilgrimage.—*Gen. 47, 9.*
27	Th	The rest of your time.—*1 Pet. 4, 2 (R. V.)*
28	F	So she gleaned, and beat out that she had gleaned.—*Ruth 2, 17.*
29	S	They filled twelve baskets with the fragments.—*John 6, 13.*

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"Love Lightens Labour."

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Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.—Judges 5, 23.

ONE day last November a policeman, while helping to quell a disturbance in the village of Windlesham, in Surrey, was seriously assaulted and injured by two men, one of them a sailor in the Navy. They were both sentenced subsequently to two months' hard labour. While the constable was struggling with the men, he recognized amid the crowd of villagers who were looking on a man whom he knew, named Harry Smith, a blacksmith, and shouted out to him, "I call upon you, Harry Smith, to assist me in the King's name." Instead of doing so, Smith, it was alleged, walked away, and for this he was brought up at the Chertsey Petty Sessions a few weeks ago, and committed for trial.

By the law of the land, as well as by the law of reason and right feeling, every man is bound to join in the "hue and cry" after a thief or other evil doer, though some people seem to think they are doing a wonderfully clever and charitable thing if they hinder the police, and give, as they put it, the poor fellow a chance.

In like manner, wherever there is sin or suffering, we should hear a cry, "In the King's name, come over and help us." Nay more, it is the King Himself who summons us, and He does that, for He needs us, every day and every hour. It will be very awful if any of us, like the people of Meroz, named only once, are named only to be cursed.

Reproach hath broke My heart;
I'm full
Of grief: I looked for one
To pity Me, but none I found,
Comforters found I none.

Shall it not rather be said of us by His grace, "Ye are they which have continued with Me in my temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me; that ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom"? That is what we shall get if we help this King, He will share His throne and kingdom with us. *Compassi conregnabimus*, "If we suffer with Him, we shall be also glorified together."

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 16.)

What is thy name?

When Thomas Manton, the Puritan divine, was asked after he had baptized SUSANNA, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Annesley, how many

What is thy Name? Susan.

children the Doctor, himself an only child, had now, he replied, "It is either a couple of dozen or a quarter of a hundred." The latter estimate was right, for Susanna was the twenty-fifth, and became herself the mother of nineteen, two of them being the famous John and Charles Wesley. She taught her children from their infancy "to fear the rod and to cry softly, so that," as she herself puts it, "that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house." Further, "they were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them that when any of them were ill there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine. They were quickly made to understand that they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask a servant for anything without saying, 'Pray give me such a thing,' and the servant was chid if she ever let them omit that word." She died in 1742, aged 73. A short time before her death she said to the members of her family who stood round her bed, "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a Psalm of praise to God." Then, addressing Christ, she said, "My dear Saviour, are you come to help me in my extremity at last?"

In 1757, while living at Lausanne in Switzerland, Edward Gibbon, the man who wrote the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, fell in love with Mademoiselle SUSANNE CURCHOD, the daughter of a Swiss Calvinist minister and his wife, a French Huguenot, who had been driven from her native land because of her Protestantism. Gibbon was then twenty years of age, and the young lady, who was as beautiful and clever as she was good, seventeen. On his return to England, Gibbon found that his father would not hear of the "strange alliance"; and so, after a painful struggle, he yielded to his fate, or to use the well-known words of his *Autobiography*, "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son. In 1764 Mdlle. Curchod became the wife of the great French Minister and financier, M. Necker, and in 1766 the mother of a daughter who became one of the most illustrious of Frenchwomen, Madame de Stael. Gibbon died January, 1794, and Madame Necker in May of the same year.

The Marquis of Dalhousie, 1812-1860, one of the greatest of Indian Viceroys, first met his wife, daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, in November, 1834, and wrote in his diary, "LADY SUSAN HAY is a nice girl." The love that sprang up between them filled him with deep joy and sent him often to his knees before God. They were married in January, 1836, and lived together in unbroken and ever increasing happiness till her health compelled her to leave India. She died on the homeward voyage, 6 May, 1853. It fell to his Military Secretary to break the terrible news to him. Lord Dalhousie had just returned home from his usual drive on the Calcutta Course. Major Ramsay took him apart and, falling down, clasped his knees and said, "My lord, oh my lady, my lady." He fell to the ground as if suddenly stricken dead. After a time he rose, locked the door, and remained alone for several hours. Two days afterwards he wrote a line to his Secretaries telling them he could not see them

What is thy name? Susan.

but begging them to send in their boxes with documents as usual. "Give me work to do. Keep me incessantly employed. It is my only chance." But there is a silence more eloquent than words. He had kept a diary, day by day, since he was a boy at school twelve years old. But from the 6th of June, the day when the news of his wife's death reached him, till the 9th December, there is not a single entry in it. She lies buried at Cockpen near Edinburgh, with these words on her grave, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

They had two daughters, but no son, and it was a touching letter from the elder of these, LADY SUSAN RAMSAY, then only 17 years of age, a lady who died but a short time ago after a life of no little sorrow, that first taught him, as he himself said, "that he had still something left to love."

Mr. Spurgeon's wife was a MISS SUSANNAH THOMPSON, daughter of Mr. Thompson, Falcon Square, London. She saw him for the first time one Sabbath evening, 18th December, 1853, when he was preaching, and was much amused, she tells us, at his huge black satin stock, his long badly trimmed hair, and his blue pocket handkerchief with white spots. They met occasionally after that at the house of a common friend. On the 20th of the following April he sent her a copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress* "with desires for her progress in the blessed pilgrimage." On June 10 they were present with a party of friends at the opening of the Crystal Palace, and while sitting together "near where the great clock is now fixed," waiting for the procession to pass by, Mr. Spurgeon handed her a book, Martin Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, and said, "What do you think of the poet's suggestion in these verses?—

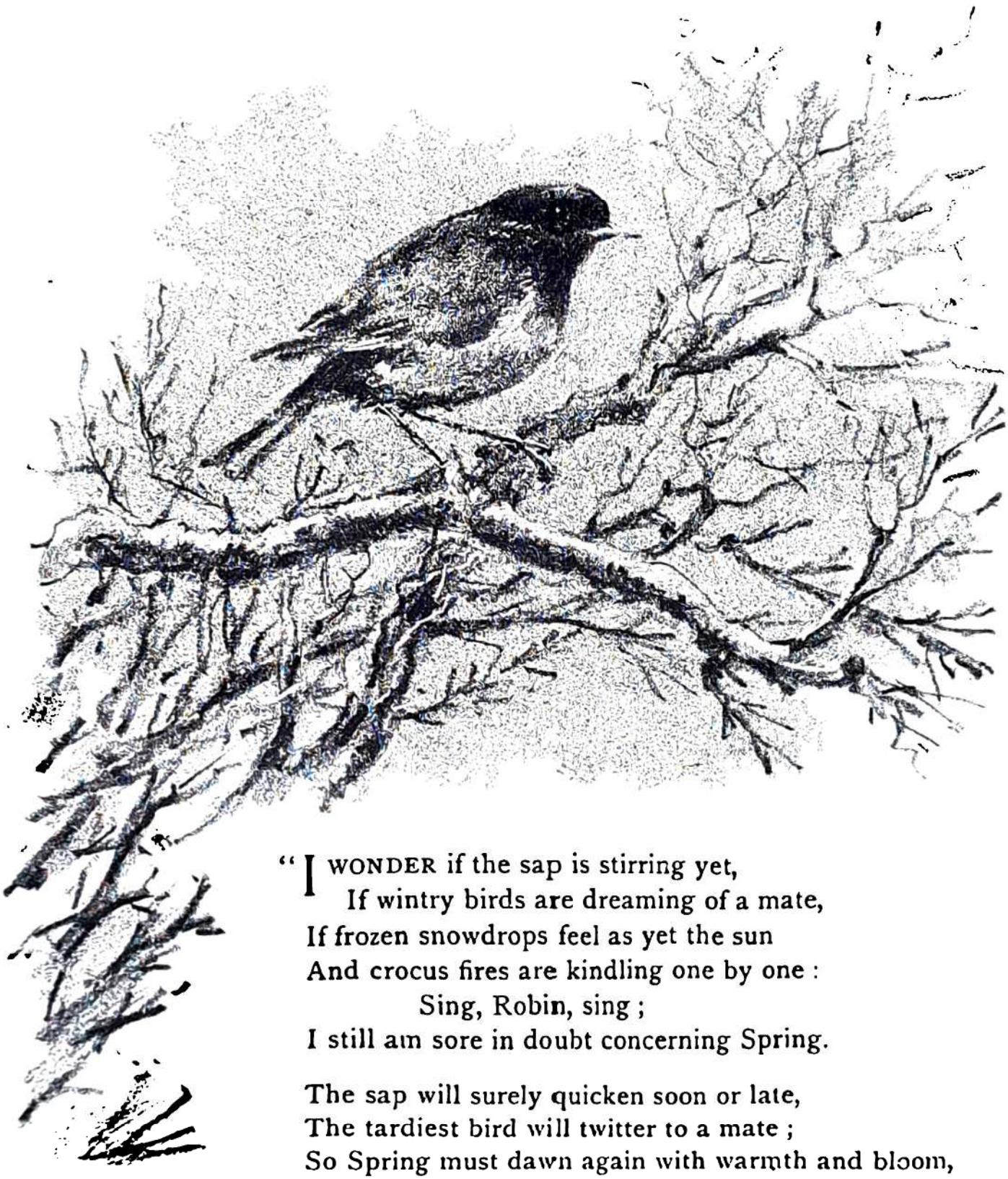
> Seek a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of His Providence;
> Yet ask not in bold confidence that which He hath not promised:
> Thou knowest not His good will; be thy prayer then submissive thereunto,
> And leave thy petition to His mercy, assured that He will deal well with thee.
> If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living on the earth;
> Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal."

Then he added in a whisper, "Do you pray for him who is to be your husband?" and then, after a little, "Will you come and walk round the Palace with me?"

Mr. Tupper was perhaps scarcely at his very very best as a poet when he wrote these lines, but the thoughts are as good as can be.

On the 2nd of August they were engaged. The entry in his "own doubly-dear Susie's" diary that day reads thus: "It is impossible to write down all that occurred this morning. I can only adore in silence the mercy of my God, and praise Him for all His benefits." They were married on Tuesday, 8th January, 1856, and for upwards of forty years the aspiration written by him in his Family Register was answered to the full—

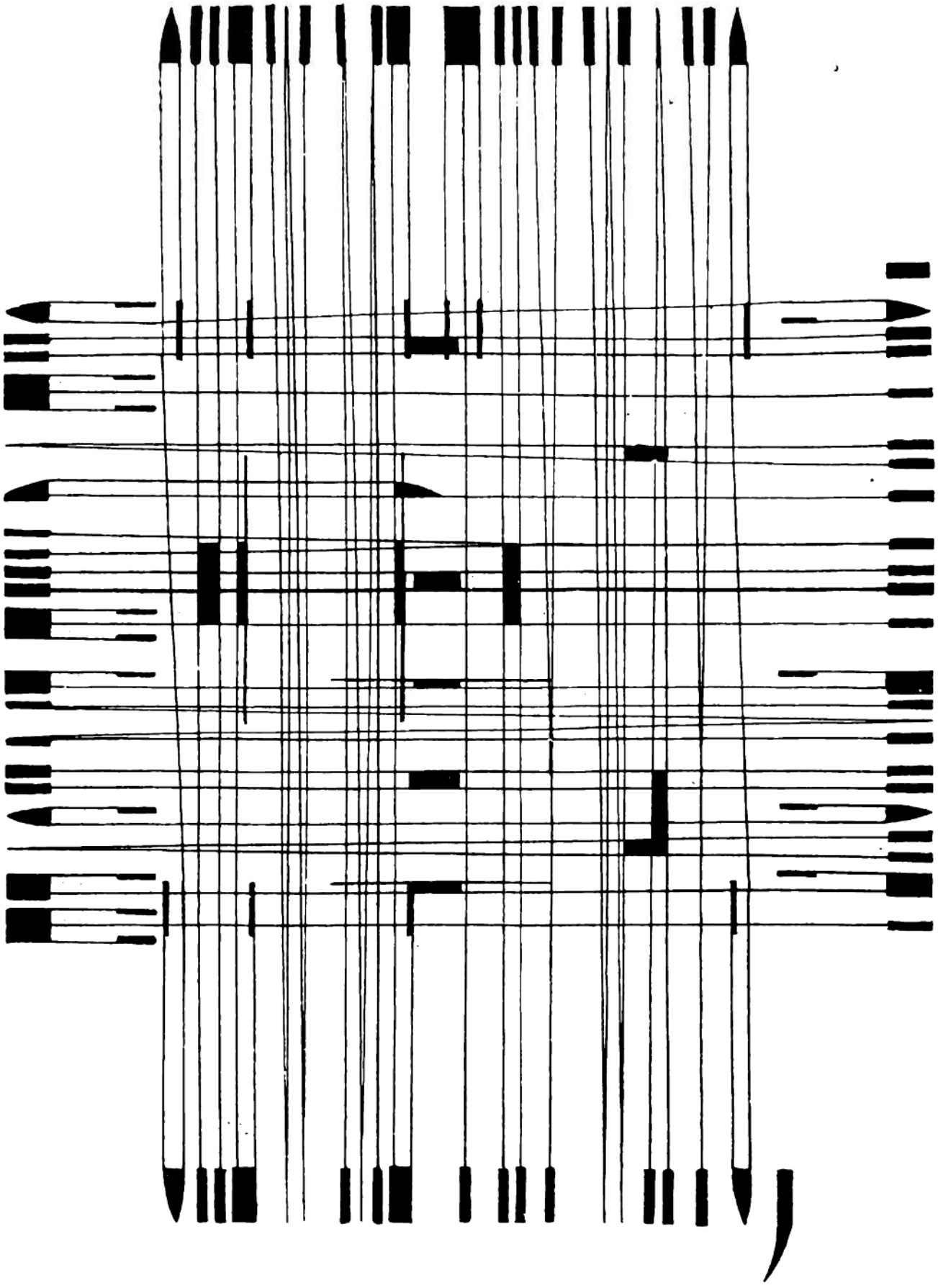
> And as year rolls after year
> Each to the other still more dear.



"I WONDER if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun
And crocus fires are kindling one by one :
Sing, Robin, sing ;
I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring.

The sap will surely quicken soon or late,
The tardiest bird will twitter to a mate ;
So Spring must dawn again with warmth and bloom,
Or in this world, or in the world to come :
Sing, Voice of Spring,
Till I too blossom and rejoice and sing."

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



Shew me Thy ways, O Lord; teach me Thy paths. Psalm 25. 4.

COMMANDER PEARY of the United States Navy, in his book, *Nearest the Pole*, tells of an Eskimo woman who faced a temperature of 35° below zero, that is 67° degrees of frost, with the chance of being caught in a gale, and travelled 40 miles over a track so rough that she was frequently compelled to dismount from her sledge and walk, and carried her child all the way, her sole object being to see the white men and their hut and the strange things they had with them. That woman was of the same noble spirit as the Queen of Sheba, eager and determined to learn.

The long letters on the opposite page are a little hard to read till one knows how to hold the page at the proper angle. Some of you, I hope, will not rest till you find them out. Others, I fear, will try only once or twice, and then stop. Those last have not been cast in a heroic mould!

These eight words, four reading one way, and four another, may be taken as a prayer to God either to show us the way He wishes us to go in the future, following in His steps, or else as a prayer to Him to show us how wonderfully He has led us in the past.

We have not only come a long way ourselves, but everybody else has come a long way too, and everybody's path *crosses* every other body's path. Every person in the world touches, *comes across*, every other person at some point or other, either directly or indirectly. We are bound to have dealings one with another because we all have dealings with God.

Love Lightens Labour.

Not by constraint; but willingly.
—1 Peter 5, 2.

IF you had seen the man in the illustration on the front page five minutes sooner, you would have found him sitting on his barrow puffing and blowing, and you would have been sorry for him. He had come but a little way up the hill, and the load was clearly too heavy for him, so much so, indeed, that several well-dressed people stood still and looked at him, and pitied him, and said so, too, and—passed on. Two or three of them would most gladly have helped him, but they were afraid it might look as if they were showing off. They would have given him a helping hand if only it had been dark, or if it had been in a strange town where they were not known. I believe the priest and the Levite who saw the man who had fallen among thieves had also several reasons, and extremely good ones, for not helping him. But, somehow or other, it is only recorded that they "passed by."

Our friend in the picture was busy resting, and thinking, when help came to him in an unexpected way. His little daughter met him and asked if she might have a ride! That made his load a little heavier theoretically, but actually it lightened it, or rather it took the weight off altogether, for it quadrupled his strength! Love had come, like an

extra engine to a heavy train. The man's toil had become the father's joy, and his work play.

As love lightens labour, so it sweetens sacrifice. Take this instance which a friend in England told me the other day.

Some one had given his little

daughter Muriel a most choice box of chocolates as a parting gift. She was permitted to have one every night, at bedtime, if she had been good during the day. When the first layer was finished, her mother, thinking, and thinking wisely, that it was well to teach her self-restraint, said to her, "Now, Muriel, we will keep the rest, and take them home at the New Year, so that Grannie and Grandpa, and Uncle and Aunt, may have some."

"Yes! yes! we will," said the three-year-old.

Some nights passed, the chocolates all the while being within reach, when the child, evidently sorely tempted to break her promise, said, "Mammy, we will take ALL the chocolates, and give Grannie some, won't we?"

"Yes! my darling."

"And I won't have any more till then."

"No, my dear."

Then, after hovering round the cupboard for a little, she said, "May I just have a wee wee tiny peep at them?"

This was granted; and now you expect me to say that this little daughter of Eve asked her mother just to give her *one*, a very little one! But no! She simply kissed the box, put it back in its place, and looking blithesome and gay in her nighty-gown, tripped off quite content to bed.

There are some things which God asks us to give up, and we do it with a heavy heart, and perhaps we do well neither to speak to Him, nor even to think about the matter any more. But there are other things — some of you will know about them when you are older— things that we have put aside, and even buried, as being wholly dead, and Christ will say to us, "Where have ye laid them?" And He goes with us to the grave, not that He is going to give them back to us, but, as it were, He says, "I wish Us both to have another look at them together, and then I will ask you to bury them again, but this time you are to do it contentedly, and joyfully, and with a kiss."

And everything that we have parted with and buried in His Name shall be raised again, raised glorified.

Beloved, imitate not that which is evil, but that which is good.—3 John, 11.

ARCHIE, the little boy on page 35, was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, and not over wise. Her great ambition seemed to be to make him in dress and manner as like as possible the boys of her old playmate, Mrs. Tod, the contractor's wife. They sat in the front of the gallery in church, four seats before her. They wore their hair long, with ringlets reaching almost to their shoulders, and looked so like cherubs that Archie had to have ringlets too, that he might be equal to the angels. The poor boy begged hard to have them cut short, for they took such a time to comb and curl, and he wasn't allowed to play unless in a very decorous, half-hearted, unboylike way, and when he did play, some of the boys called him a lassie, and others a *Toady*. These last owed that bit of wit, not to themselves

but to their mothers, to whom Mrs. Tod, with all her belongings, was simply odious. Fortunately for himself, Archie took scarlet fever, and the doctor, in spite of his mother's entreaties and tears and protestations, made short work of the curls. She laid them carefully past, however, and had many an hour of weeping over them.

When her boy was eight, he was put into a sailor-suit because the Fleming Tods had sailor-suits, and inasmuch as they always wore kid gloves, though what a boy, much less a sailor boy, needs gloves for, is more than any sensible man can understand, Archie must have them too. One sin leads to another, and when his mother was asked the day the gloves went amissing, why her boy was not at church, she was careful to explain that he had caught a cold and had headache and toothache. But as she forgot to tell him that she had given him toothache, it led to complications when the minister met him on the way to school next morning. Archie had never thought his mother capable of telling a lie before, and the discovery so vexed him that he sat half-dazed in school, and got the tawse twice for making several most stupid blunders.

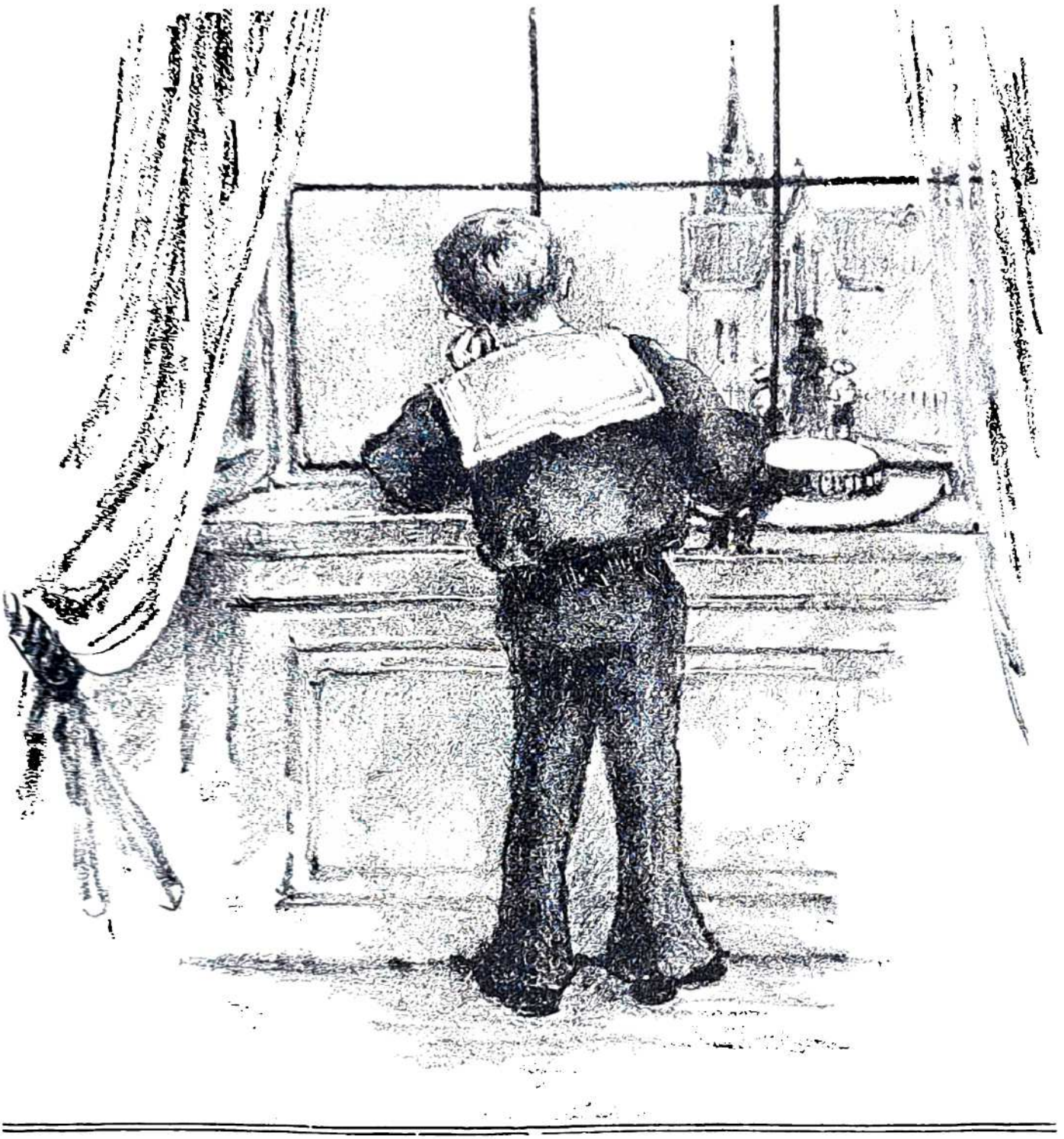
But worse was in store for him, for when the Fleming-Tods—the hyphen in their name was assumed when their father gave 50 guineas to the County Primrose League and their mother was made a Dame—when the Fleming-Tods, I say, were ten years old, and put on with their other airs Eton jackets and tall hats, Archie had to follow suit in both senses of the word. The other boys in church got no good of the sermon that day, and no wonder, for as the boys all came up the avenue together it looked for all the world like a procession of monkeys.

Six years later the Fleming-Tods, having now become the Flemming-Tods, with two m's—their father was tempted to spell Tod with two d's, but found out in time that one d was more aristocratic, as his wife put it—left the Presbyterian Church and became Episcopalians. Archie, who had now developed a pretty wit, suggested to his mother that she should buy a prayer-book, and spend a month in studying it, so that when she crossed over the way she might not affront herself by not being able to find the place.

And indeed, if she had continued to follow the Tods, I don't know where by this time she would have found herself. For the Tods, being now in their own esteem a county family, are absolved from devotion except during Lent, and find that motoring on Sabbath leaves little time and still less inclination for the worship of God. But they are getting on in the world, and climbing higher and higher. When I last heard of them they were calling themselves the Flemminge-Tods.

"I see your friends spell Flemminge with an e after the g," said the wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county to Lady Cawell, who is the great wit of our neighbourhood.

"Oh yes, but you see spelling has always been a difficulty with them."



Reasons for not going to Church. 10th Series.—No. 3.

This Boy is not at church to-day, because his gloves could not be found at the last moment and his Mother would not let him go without them. And this is the day, too, as the little fellow knows, on which their young minister, who is lecturing through 1st Samuel, is to be speaking about David and Goliath!

1	S	God removeth kings, and setteth up kings.—*Dan. 2, 21.*
2	M	He poureth contempt upon princes.—*Ps. 107, 40.*
3	Tu	Her princes shall be nothing.—*Is. 34, 12.* "The philosopher Leibnitz talked to me of the infinitely little; as if (referring to her husband and his court) I did not know enough of that!"—*Letter of Queen Sophie Charlotte of Prussia.*
4	W	Judges maketh He fools.—*Job 12, 17.*
5	Th	Samaria's king is cut off as foam upon the water.—*Hos. 10, 17.*
6	F	These smoking firebrands, Rezin and the son of Remaliah.—*Is. 7, 4.*
7	S	I exhort that intercessions be made for kings.—*1 Tim. 2, 2.*
8	S	I drew them with bands of love.—*Hos. 11, 4.*
9	M	Mary said, Behold the handmaid (slave) of the Lord.—*Luke 1, 38.*
10	Tu	The love of Christ constraineth us.—*2 Cor. 5, 14.*
11	W	I will draw all men unto Myself.—*John 12, 32 (R. V.)*
12	Th	The Lord's freedman. Christ's bondservant.—*1 Cor. 7, 22 (R. V.)*
13	F	Free indeed.—*John 8, 33.* "Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh was the most extensive slaveholder of his time, and the kindest; and yet he died without setting one of his bondmen free."—*Mark Twain.*
14	S	I love my Master.—*Ex. 21, 5.*
15	S	O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger.—*Ps. 6, 1.*
16	M	My soul is full of troubles.—*Ps. 88, 3.*
17	Tu	Thou tellest (numberest) my wanderings:
18	W	Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle.—*Ps. 56, 8.*
19	Th	He knoweth our frame.—*Ps. 103, 14.* Tacitus tells us that the Roman veterans in the German wilderness, clamouring to get home, mobbed their general Germanicus, and seizing his hand, passed his finger along their toothless gums.
20	F	I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands.—*Is. 49, 16.*
21	S	Even to hoar hairs will I carry you.—*Is. 46, 4.*
22	S	The Lord thinketh upon me; make no tarrying, O my God.—*Ps. 40, 7.*
23	M	The Lord is not slack concerning His promise.—*2 Pet. 3, 9.*
24	Tu	Lot lingered.—*Gen. 19, 16.* When the late Rev. Dr. George Matheson was a boy, his companions in St. Vincent Crescent had names for all the Clyde steamers. One which was always behind was called, "Sure to be late."
25	W	Abraham hastened unto Sarah and said, Make ready quickly. Abraham ran and fetched a calf, and the servant hasted to dress it.—*Gen. 18, 7.*
26	Th	Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not.—*1 Sam. 20, 38.*
27	F	Give the more diligence to make your election sure.—*2 Pet. 1, 10, (R. V.)*
28	S	While they went away to buy, the bridegroom came.—*Matt. 25, 10 (R. V.)*
29	S	Rising up a great while before day He prayed.—*Mark 1, 35.*
30	M	A virtuous woman riseth . . girdeth her loins with strength.—*Prov. 31, 15-17.*
31	Tu	The Lord called Samuel: and he ran unto Eli.—*1 Sam. 3, 4.* "In undressing and dressing, you must accustom my son to get out of, and into, his clothes as fast as is humanly possible.—*Rule laid down for his son's tutors by Frederick the Great's father.*

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April, 1908. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXI. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 4.

The Inspector of Works.

Old Crow: "This is very poor workmanship. I can't understand What are young people coming to now-a-days?"

REFORMED CHURCH BELFAST

THE MORNING WATCH *for 1907, Volume XX. is* NOW READY. *Price One Shilling.*

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Compel them to come in, that My house may be filled.—Luke 14, 23.

MANY years ago on Ayr Race Course, on the day of the annual Inspection, I saw a laggard militiaman chased up to his place in the ranks, for nearly 300 yards, by a mounted Officer. What with the sweltering heat of the day, and the cantering charger's hot breath on the back of his neck, and the Officer's rage, the man was a distressful-looking object.

A friend, to whom the incident was mentioned one day, told me he knew something of the power of cavalry from his own experience. To escape from a dinner party in the house in which he was tutor, at which a number of strangers were to be present, he had set off on an expedition from which he hoped to return only in time for family worship at the stroke of ten. To his amazement, when he was well on his way, he met his two pupils riding home. He thought they had gone in another direction. The lads, divining his purpose, determined to frustrate it, and merrily ordered him back! First they blocked his way, then, when he slipped past, they pursued him; whether he ran this way or that, he found horses could run quicker, and when he made to clear a wall, he found they could clear it better. The horses presently entered into the fun of the thing, and before he knew it they were hustling him home like a football between two clever players towards the goal-posts. "I never knew till then," he said, "how overpowering at first sight cavalry must seem to infantry."

If that tutor thought in the morning of that day that he was not wanted at the dinner party, surely he could have no doubt of his welcome when his roguish pupils chased him homewards, and never ceased till they had chased him in at the hall door!

God bids us every one to the marriage supper of His Son. We pretend we do not hear Him; we question if He really wishes us; we make this excuse and that; we turn our backs on Him, and try to flee from His presence. But He speaks louder; sends messenger after messenger; knocks late and early, and stands knocking at our door; runs after us and calls us back, "Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope!"; and, finally, He blocks our way, besets us behind and before, or, to use a wonderful word of Paul's in Galatians 3, 22, He "shuts us up," shuts us up till there is no evasion for us, no escape but the door of faith, the door of simple trust in His well-beloved Son who died for us, the Way, the Truth, the Life. Surely when God says "COME," He wishes us to come; still more so when He says, "COMPEL them to come in." In these two words He shows us all His heart.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32 27.

(Continued from page 28.)

What is thy Name? Susan.

Mrs. SUSANNA HOPTON, wife of a Welsh Judge in the reign of Charles II., rose at four every morning, and had five special times for prayer and thanksgiving every day. She was much beloved for her kindness to the poor. She learned to pray in the school of suffering, for in her youth, falling under the influence of a priest, she had become a Roman Catholic. It was her husband's prayers and her own study of God's Word that brought her back to Protestantism.

SUSANNA HAWKINS, 1787-1868, daughter of an Ecclefechan blacksmith, was in her youth a herd and domestic servant, but for the last fifty years of her life was known as the wandering minstrel of the Borders. She travelled far and near in England in search of fellow-countrymen to whom she might sell her poems, and as they say there are two things from which no Frenchman can escape, namely, Death and the Decoration of the Red Ribbon of the Legion of Honour, so they said there were two forces which every Dumfriesian in England had to face sooner or later, Death and Susy Hawkins.

SUSANNA HARRISON, of Ipswich, 1752-1784, was another domestic servant who won a little fame as a poetess, her works having reached their fifteenth edition within a few years after her death. From her twentieth year she suffered from continual ill-health, and it was this that made her choose for her verses the name, *Songs in the Night*, a phrase chosen from Elihu's speech in Job, chapter 35.

It was fitting that Charles Darwin, the man who found out many of the secrets of Him who formed us out of the clay, should have for his mother SUSANNA, the daughter of a potter, Josiah Wedgewood. Before Wedgewood's time the dishes our forefathers used at table were mostly rough and coarse and often very ugly. He taught our countrymen, having first learnt it himself after long labour, to make them shapely and beautiful. Mrs. Darwin had a remarkably sweet and happy face. She was married in 1796 and died in 1817, when her famous son was only eight. Strange to say, he remembered only her black velvet gown, her curiously constructed work-table, and her death-bed.

Dr. Chistopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, nephew of the poet William Wordsworth, was married in 1838 to Miss SUSANNA HATLEY FRERE, he being then 31, and she 27, years of age. The day after they became engaged he sent her a packet containing the nine gold medals he had won at Winchester and Cambridge, that he "might connect with her his past as well as his future life." "Having won you," he added somewhat unwisely, "I am not eager for any other honour in this world. May God of His infinite mercy grant that we may both obtain together a crown of glory in that which is to come." A few weeks after, when she and her parents went to visit him at Harrow School, of which he was at that time Headmaster, he

What is thy name? Susan.

did a very beautiful thing. He took her by herself into every room in his house, and offered up a little prayer, thus consecrating her and himself in all their incomings and outgoings to God, making God, as it were, their first Guest and their perpetual Host. She seems to have been a sigularly good woman, "absolutely truthful and thorough," "modest, diffident, retiring, yet never flinching from an acknowledged duty or evading a painful responsibility," so tranquil, brave, and self-possessed that it used to be said in the family in times of anxiety that "things must be going badly because she was so cheerful." She was, further, a very beautiful woman, a lovely singer, and a most charming reader. Her husband used to speak of anything he had written as if she had been joint author. After his edition of the Greek Testament had come out, he would say, for example, in referring to a passage, "You will find that in Mrs. Wordsworth's Commentary." They lived so happily together that he often said he would like it to be put on their tombstone, according to the old jest, "that they were never reconciled." She died, aged 73, in October, 1883, her husband following her five months later.

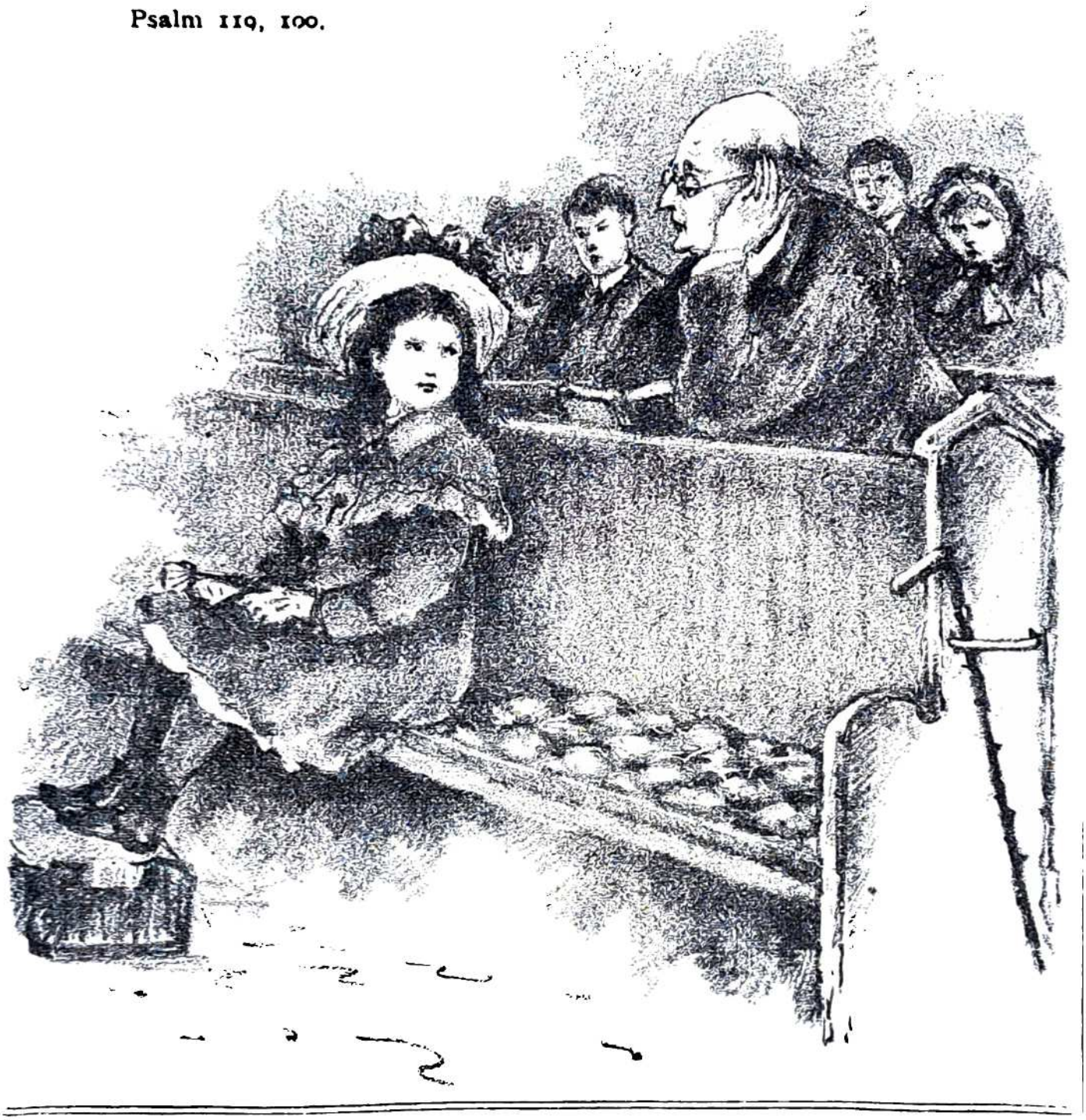
Tabitha. TABITHA in Hebrew, like Dorcas in Greek, means "A Gazelle," or "A Young Roe Deer."

Richard Cecil, 1748-1810, an eminent Evangelical minister of the Church of England, had for his mother TABITHA GROSVENOR. He was the son of her old age, and the child of many prayers, for she was over fifty when he was born. For a time in his youth he wandered very far from God. But as he lay one night in bed thinking about his mother, he saw, to use his own words, "two unquestionable facts: 1. My mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body, and mind, and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all by the support she receives from constantly retiring to read her Bible. 2. She has a secret spring of comfort of which I know nothing, while I who give an unbounded loose to my appetites and seek pleasure by every means seldom or never find it. If however there is any such secret in religion, why may I not attain it as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it of God." He rose and began to pray, but was soon damped in his attempt by recollecting that much of his mother's comfort seemed to arise from her faith in Christ. "Now," thought he, "this Christ I have ridiculed; He stands much in my way and can form no part of my prayer." He lay down again in utter confusion of mind. Next day, however, he continued praying to the "Supreme Being." He found it hard to give up his companions, but at last light broke into his mind, and he saw that Christ, "so far from standing in his way was the only way to all that come unto God."

Henry V., we are told, hung up in Westminster Abbey the helmet whose crown was cleft by the sword of the Duke of Alençon on the field of Agincourt, so Mr. Cecil hung up in his study, to the glory of God, the hat all dirty and indented which he was wearing on "Wednesday, 12th Jan., 1803," when he was all but run over by a loaded cart in Oxford Street in the city of London.

Wiser than the Ancients.

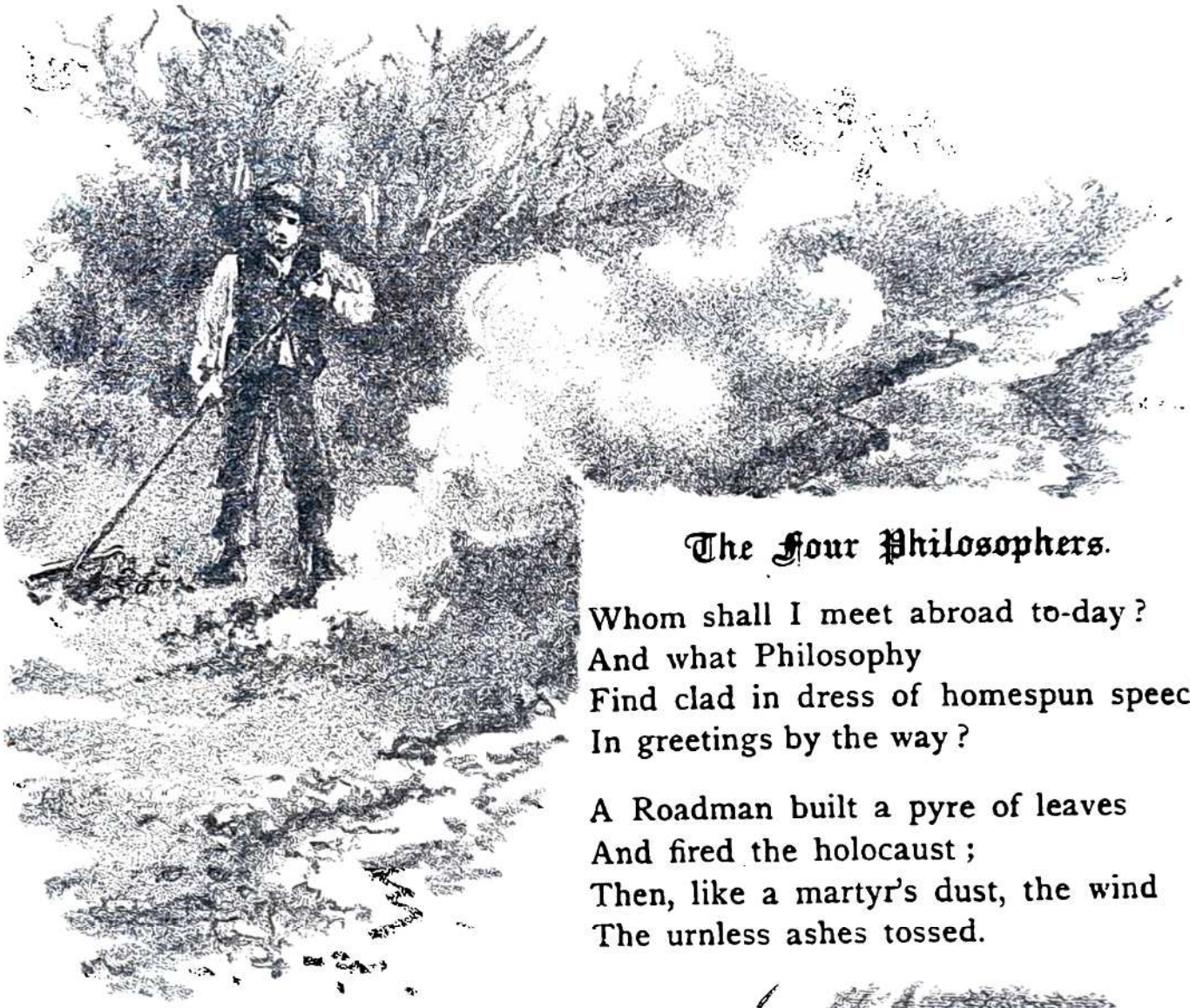
Psalm 119, 100.



Sir Richard Oldwin, K.C.B., F.R.S., D.C.L., etc., etc., to little Girl: "I think the Minister said the 50th chapter, but I didn't catch the name of the Book."

Girl: "Neither did I, sir. But I can see from his Bible it isn't Genesis, so it must be either Isaiah or Jeremiah."

Sir Richard: "Indeed? Thank you: (sotto voce) a most intelligent Child!"



The Four Philosophers.

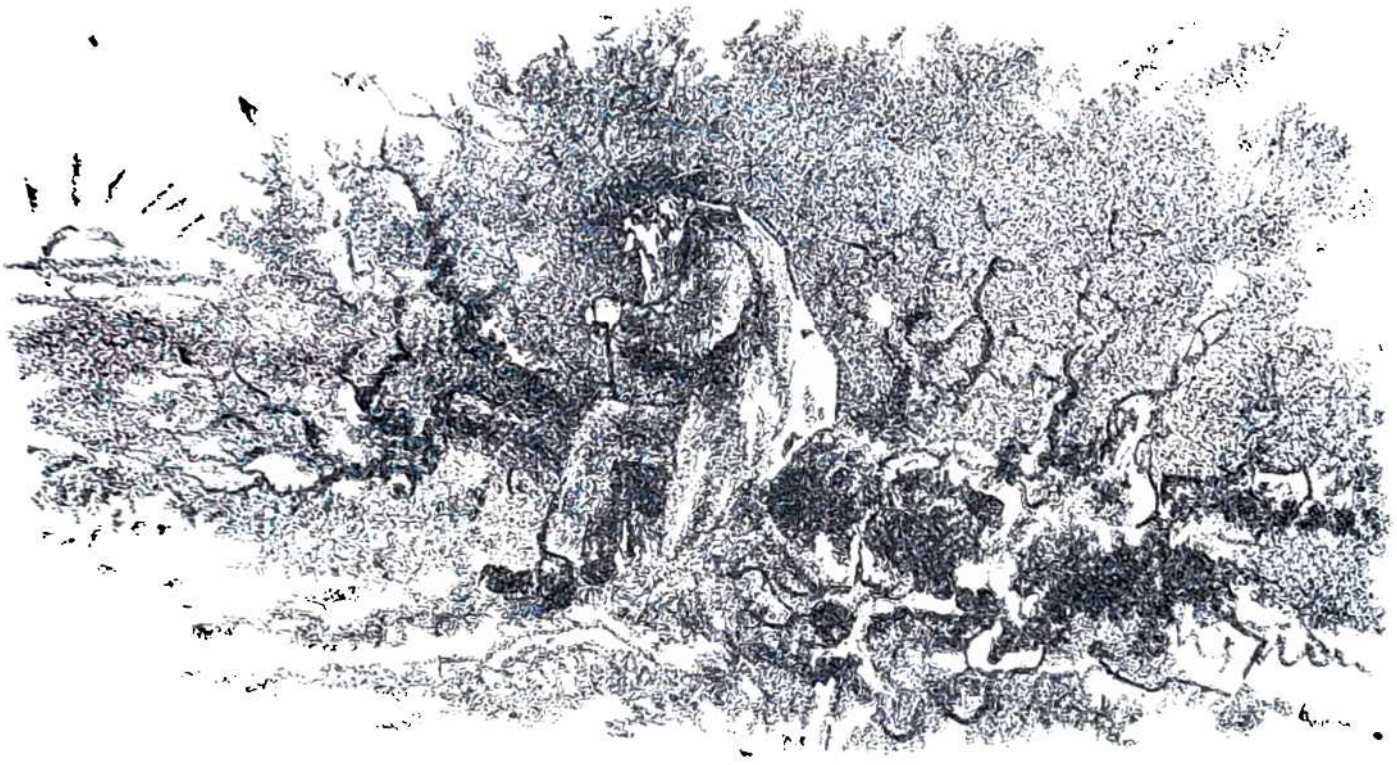
Whom shall I meet abroad to-day?
And what Philosophy
Find clad in dress of homespun speech,
In greetings by the way?

A Roadman built a pyre of leaves
And fired the holocaust;
Then, like a martyr's dust, the wind
The urnless ashes tossed.

I gave him greeting of the morn,
But following words restrained.
"The day is good," he curtly said,
"But yesterday it rained."

The jewelled tassel of a cloud
Trailed o'er a garden bower;
"Come out," a Child's voice rang,
"Come out,
'Tis but a sunny shower."

I hailed a hard-wrought Harvester,
"The wind blows dry and keen."
He bound a sheaf and grimly said,
"The wind will change e'er e'en."



An Old Man sat with staff in hand
Upon a fallen oak
That couched its limbs upon the green,
And as I passed I spoke:

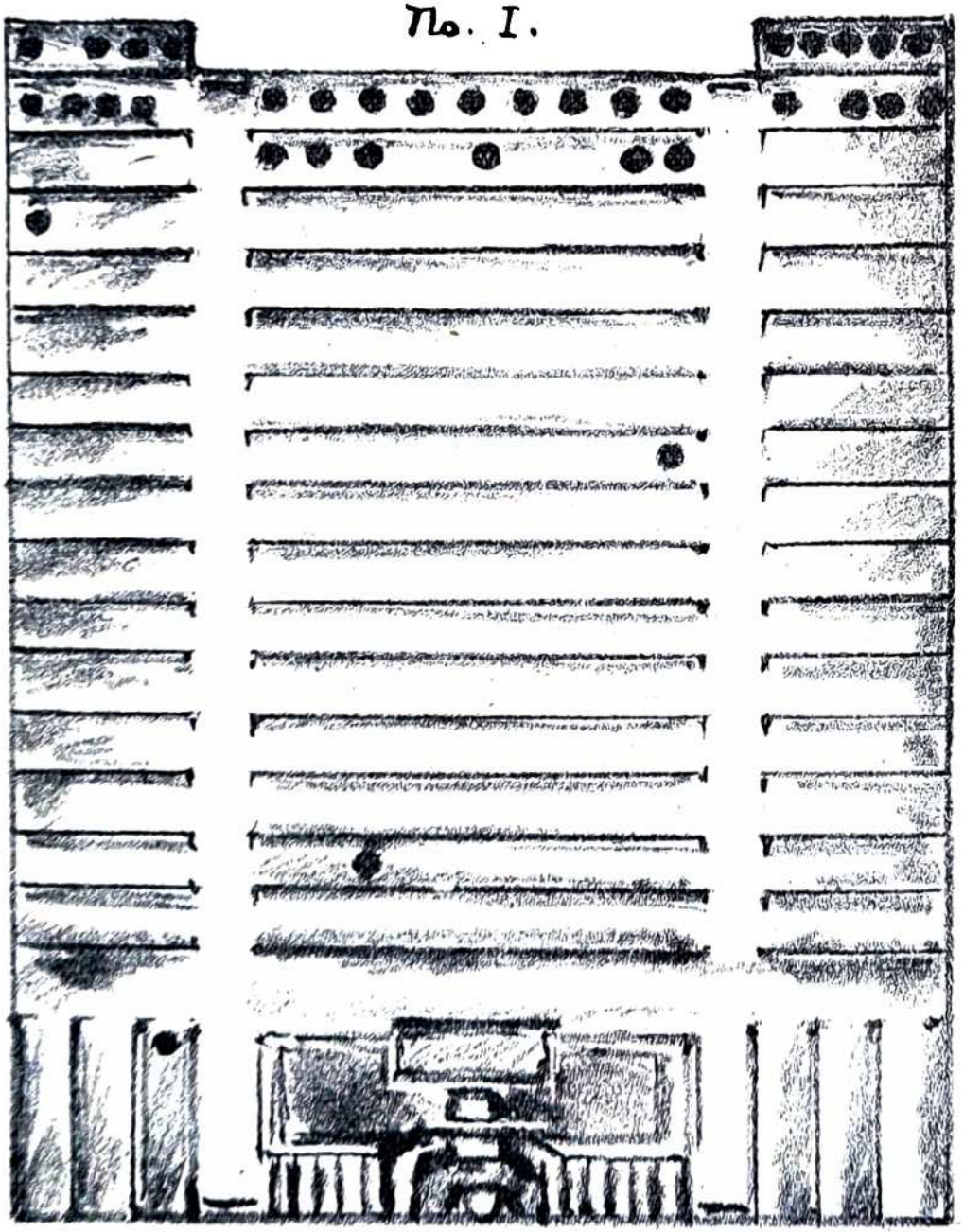
"The trees are bare, the sun dips low,
The days are shortening."
He gently said, "Soon Winter comes,
And after Winter Spring."

Whom have I met abroad to-day?
And what Philosophy
Found clad in dress of homespun speech
In greetings by the way?

One who was thrall to Yesterday;
A Child who found the Sun;
One robbed of joy by baseless Fear;
And one who saw the Dawn.

—Rev. George Lamb, B.D.

No. I.



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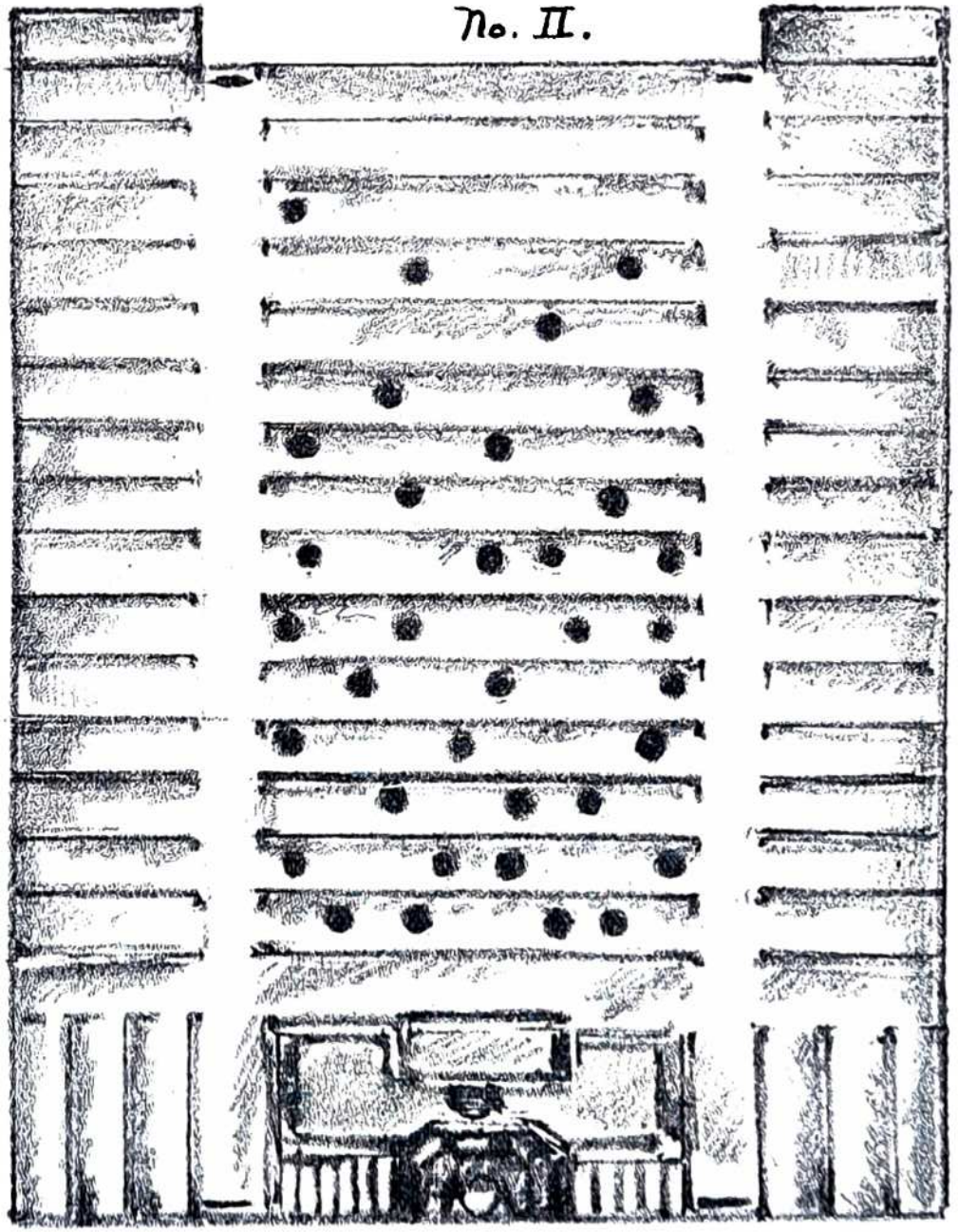

How to Choose a Seat in Church.

SOME of the best and nicest people I know, or ever have known, always sit in any church they go to either in the back seat or in the furthest back seat they can find. That they have good and proper reasons for doing so there can be no doubt whatever. But there are people who choose the same kind of seat for reasons that are not good — I have often done so myself!— and it is to them, and to boys and girls who, if God spare them, will some day have to choose seats for themselves, that I wish to speak. Some sit far back

1. Because they are shy. They don't like to walk away down a long aisle with people looking at them. They feel awkward and confused. But that is one of the things we have all to get over. Our late Queen, we are told, trained herself never to be afraid to step forward into an empty space, a solitary figure in front of a crowd. So we must all learn to "dare to stand alone." We can do it in other places; and why not in church?

2.—But this is a bad reason—because they love the chief seats in the synagogue. In those churches, happily becoming fewer every year, in which there are seat-rents, the back seats are the dearest as a rule, and the rich sit there, and we like to be near them, "in a good place," as it is put by James, the brother of our Lord.

3. They like to see everybody that comes in, and all that goes on.

4. They like to be near the door so as to get away as soon as possible, and then they complain that nobody speaks to them!

5.—And this is a reason people may have without being conscious of it—the further they are away from the preacher his preaching seems less personal. They don't want to stay away from the House of God, and yet they don't want to be saved —in the meantime. So they think that the further off they are from the archer, there is the less chance of being hit by the arrow of conviction.

6. They sit far back because they can't hear a word the Minister says, and he really ought to speak louder. This is perhaps not very good logic, and yet it is quite easy to be both logical and utterly unreasonable at the same time.

7. Because they are tired of hearing the Minister always asking them to come forward; it looks very much as if he wanted them to leave the church. Oh boys and girls, whatever you think about your Minister, never think that! An empty seat is bad enough, but an emptied one is ten times worse.

I hope that both now and in the days to come the church you go to will be so full that you will have to sit back because there is no room in front. But it may be your lot to have to join a church which, in spite of the saintliness and zeal and ability of its Minister, is a poorly attended one; or though the congregation on Sabbath may be large, there may be but a handful at the Prayer Meeting. If that be so, sit as far forward as you can, and with a judicious interval between you and

those who are next you and round about you, and you will find this good for yourself, and good for the Minister, and good for everybody that is there.

Look at Diagram No. 1, and imagine yourself one of the congregation in it. When you go home, and some one says, Were there many at your Meeting to-night? you will say, "Scarcely a creature! There were some in the back seats where I was, but only two people, women, between me and the Minister. It was like a wilderness, and so disheartening that I don't think I'll go back again. And there was such an echo, too, I could hardly make out a word that was said, and the singing! oh dear!"

Now look at Diagram No. 2, and imagine yourself one of the people there. On your way home you meet a friend who says, "Hulloa, out for a stroll?"

"No; to tell you the truth I am just getting home from the Prayer Meeting."

"But there wouldn't be anybody there? My wife goes to ours and she says it's heart-rending, and they are thinking of stopping it for a time in the hope of reviving it next winter. Yours would be the same, I suppose?"

"No, man, you're wrong, we had a first-rate turn-out; I was sitting six seats from the front, and there were people in every seat before me, and away behind me, too, though I didn't like to turn round, and we had a most delightful address, and such hearty singing. It's the best Prayer Meeting I ever was at in my life. You should come some night. If you like I'll call for you and we could go together."

And would you believe it, boys, there were more people at No. 1 Meeting that there were at No. 2! Count and you'll see for yourselves that it is so.

Next night, however, there will be far more at No. 2 than at No. 1. For strangers will come to see the crowd which they themselves make.

I hope you will all put the kindest possible construction on everything that I have said. Ministers would like to have full churches, no doubt, for their own joy and honour, yet chiefly, I hope we may say, for the glory of God, and for the saving of souls, and the comforting and building up of His people. And I want you to do all you can to help them. When friends come to see your fathers and mothers, you don't like to see them sitting on a chair close by the door. You say, "Come nearer, draw your chair to the fire, make yourself at home." And that is just what we should do in the House of Him of Whom it is said:

> God doth build up Jerusalem;
> And He it is alone
> That the dispersed of Israel
> Doth gather into one.

Let us close with three beautiful texts.

1. The people pressed upon Him to hear the word of God.—Luke 5, 1.

2. The faces of the Cherubim shall look one to another; toward the mercy-seat shall the faces of the Cherubim be.—Ex. 25, 20.

3. Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.—James 4, 8.

Reasons for not going to Church. 10th Series.—No. 4.

This Young Woman is accepting "with much pleasure" an Invitation to a Dance on the 24th inst., though she knows that others were invited a fortnight ago and that she must therefore have been on the "Reserve List." Yet she and her sisters and their mother are going to leave the Church, because they got their Invitations to the Minister's Bible Class Soiree on Thursday morning, and the Cunninghame girls are going about telling that they got theirs on Tuesday evening.

1	W	They wandered in a solitary way.—*Ps. 107, 4.*
2	TH	He that sent Me is with Me.—*John 8, 29.*
3	F	He hath not left Me alone. "There will be no more sailing-lights for us, side, or masthead, or stern. We are beyond the world's highways now, and shall see no sail or smoke except our own till our return."—*Peary's Nearest the Pole.*
4	S	Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.—*Ex. 20, 21.*
5	S	First be reconciled to thy brother, then offer thy gift.—*Matt. 5, 24.*
6	M	Live in peace.—*2 Cor. 13, 11.*
7	TU	Seek peace, and pursue it.—*Ps. 34, 14.* "Our rule in poor Charlotte's time was never to permit *one single day* to pass over with a misunderstanding between us, however trifling it might be. She kept this compact most religiously, more so than myself, as in my younger days I was sometimes inclined to be sulky and silently displeased."—*King of Belgium to Queen Victoria, 1840.*
8	W	Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.—*Eph. 4 26.*
9	TH	Blessed are the peacemakers.—*Matt. 5, 9.*
10	F	Gird yourselves with humility, to serve one another.—*1 Pet. 5, 5, R. V.*
11	S	Easy to be intreated.—*James 3, 17.*
12	S	Let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God :
13	M	Therefore let thy words be few.—*Eccl. 5, 2.*
14	TU	In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin.—*Prov. 10, 19.*
15	W	By thy words thou shalt be condemned.—*Matt. 12, 37.* "Lady A —— is, as your Majesty says, good natured. She talks three or four times as much as she ought, and like many such women often says exactly the things she ought not to say."—*Lord Melbourne to Queen Victoria, 1841.*
16	TH	Let your speech be alway with grace.—*Col. 4, 6.*
17	F	Good words and comfortable words.—*Zech. 1, 10.*
18	S	The people rested themselves upon the words of Zedekiah.—*2 Chron. 32, 8.*
19	S	For Himself hath said, I will in no wise fail thee.—*Heb. 13, 5, R. V.*
20	M	Neither will I in any wise forsake thee.
21	TU	So that with good courage we say, The Lord is my helper.
22	W	He compassed Jacob about, He cared for Him.—*Deut. 32, 10, R. V.*
23	TH	Of those whom Thou hast given Me, I lost not one.—*John 18, 8, R. V.*
24	F	He must reign, till He hath put all His enemies under His feet.—*1 Cor. 15, 25.* "No man-of-war is to be suffered to anchor till every vessel of the convoy is anchored."—*Lord Nelson's Orders, 1805.*
25	S	The everlasting God fainteth not, neither is weary.—*Is. 40, 28.*
26	S	They shall ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward.—*Jer. 50, 5.*
27	M	Even so run, that ye may attain.
28	TU	So fight I, as not beating the air.—*1 Cor. 9, 26, R. V.*
29	W	Let us lay aside every weight.—*Heb. 12, 1.* Richard Cecil, when a student at Oxford, cut the strings of his violin, and never replaced them, lest it should divert him from his studies.
30	TH	I press on toward the goal.—*Phil. 3, 14.*

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May, 1908. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XXI. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 5.

The New Knowledge.

"Man, I say, Jock, isn't Decimals fine?'

THE MORNING WATCH *for 1907, Volume XX. is* NOW READY. *Price One Shilling.*

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Thus Esau despised his birthright.
—Gen. 35, 34.

IN 1809, when he was thirty-four years of age, Walter Savage Landor, poet and prose writer, and friend of Southey and Dickens, bought the estate of Llanthony in Monmouthshire. It was one of the foolishest of many foolish things he did, and he speedily repented it. The million trees he planted, the people round about him, neighbours and workmen alike, all disappointed him.

Twenty years afterwards, we are told, he found himself one day with a friend in Staffordshire. They were standing on the banks of the Trent at a place called Carwardine-spring, when Landor, struck with the wonderful beauty of the spot, suddenly exclaimed—"Oh, why did I not buy a place like this, and build my house here, instead of at that confounded Llanthony?"

"You should rather ask yourself," said his friend, 'Why did you sell this place?'—a place that was in your family for centuries!" He was actually standing on a portion of his father's land which he had sold to a Lord Uxbridge, without thought or enquiry, many years before.

God chose the place and time and circumstances of our birth from all eternity, and He chose them well. Our lines, if we had only known it, were fallen to us in pleasant places. He gave us a goodly heritage of talent, work, and opportunity. But we thought, as people often foolishly say, that things in this world were not properly divided, and that we could have done better had we been born in some other age or place or station. We see another come to honour, and we say, "If only I had had his chances—," and some day we find he had simply taken the chances we despised, and the crown that he was wearing was one that had been meant for us.

We must remember that we can't get back the birthright we have sold by shedding tears, or by denying we have sold it. There is but one way to get it back, and that is, to go humbly to our Near Kinsman and ask Him to buy it back for us. It is because He can do that that He bears the name—REDEEMER.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32 27.

(Continued from page 40.)

What is thy name?

Dr. Oliver Wendall Holmes' grandmother was a MISS TEMPERANCE BISHOP. She was a good house-manager, never eating the bread of idleness, and an admirer of learning. She and her husband always

What is thy name?

'emperance.

began Sabbath at sunset on Saturday. From that one fact we can guess many more. When she had been some years a widow, a worthy man, who had watched and admired the way she had managed her husband's estate and brought up her eight young children, bethought him of asking her to marry him. She, divining his purpose and wishing to spare him the pain of a direct refusal, read to him some extracts from her favourite poem, Young's *Night Thoughts*, specially one passage in which the poet, speaking of grey-headed people who forget how old they are, compares them to damaged clocks, whose bell strikes one hour while the hands point to another:

> Folly sings six, while nature points at twelve.

If the *Night Thoughts* have been often similarly used, one need not wonder that Young's claim to rank among minor poets is rejected by many men of sensibility.

Miss Bishop's mother was a MISS TEMPERANCE HEWET, a woman of a comely countenance, graceful in manners, and so eager to learn, that with the aid of a dictionary, and a few lessons that some one gave her, she taught herself to spell out great part of Virgil. She died in July, 1791, aged 88. Her grandson wrote a poem to her memory, of which the first lines are these:

> 'Tis done, O death! thy well-aimed dart hath sped,
> Swift from the clay-cold corpse the spirit fled;
> Nor deem the triumph thine. She, she did gain
> The palm of victory on the ethereal plain.
> All calm and placid as the unruffled sea
> She met thy dart, and owned a friend in thee.

Theo-dora.

THEODORA, THEODOSIA, THEODATE (four syllables, the *a* short), like Dorothy, all mean *Gift of God.*

The American Quaker poet John Greenleaf Whittier was descended from a Captain Christopher Hussey who married THEODATE, daughter of a Rev. Stephen Bachiler who was born in England in 1561. From a brother of hers was descended the greatest of American orators, Daniel Webster. It was often noted that Webster and Whittier had the Bachiler eye, dark, deep-set, lustrous. "Eyes which first saw the light before Shakespeare was born have repeated themselves, generation after generation, to this day."; Mr. Bachiler came from England to Boston when he was seventy-one. At the age of seventy-eight he and Captain Hussey founded the town of Hampton, New Hampshire. Fourteen years afterwards, at the age of ninety-two, he returned to England, and had still eight years of his life to live!

Joseph Alleine, 1634-1668, one of the brave Puritan ministers who suffered fine and imprisonment during the reign of Charles II., wrote a book, still read, called, *Alarm to the Unconverted*, of which 20,000 copies were sold. Three years afterwards, when its name was

changed to *Sure Guide to Heaven*, 50,000 were sold. He was an Oxford man, and as a student "toiled terribly." He was a scientific experimentalist and observer, and intimate with the original founders of the Royal Society. His wife was THEODOSIA, daughter of Richard Allein, 1611-1681, one of those who signed "The Solemn League and Covenant," and author of a book called *A Vindication of Piety*. The book was refused licence, but on being published without it was rapidly bought up and "did much to mend this bad world." Dr. Grosart in the *National Dictionary of Biography* tells us that Roger Norton the Royal Printer caused it to be seized and sent to the Royal Kitchen to be burnt, but, as he glanced over the pages, he was arrested by what he read, and feeling on second thoughts that it was a sin that so holy and so saleable a book should be killed, bought back the sheets, and bound them and sold them in his own shop. For this he had to beg pardon on his knees at the Council Table. It was further ordered that all the remaining copies should be "bisked," or rubbed over with an inky brush and sent back to the Palace for lighting fires. But even in Charles II.'s Palace, as in Cæsar's household long ago, there were men who would not do as they were bid, and bisked copies occasionally turn up still.

Theodosia Alleine was a worthy daughter and a worthy wife, as we may judge by what she wrote about her partner in life. "He was a holy, heavenly, tenderly, affectionate husband. His love was expressed for me in his great care for me, sick and well, in his provision for me, in his delight in my company, saying often he could not bear to be from me but when he was with God or employed for Him, and that often it was hard for him to deny himself to be so long absent; it was irksome to him to make a meal without me, nor would he manage any affairs almost without conversing with me, concealing nothing from me that was fit for me to know, being far from the temper of those husbands who hide all their concerns from their wives, which he could not endure to hear of, especially in good men. . . . . He was a faithful reprover of anything he saw amiss in me, which I took a great evidence of his real good-will to my soul; and if in anything he gave me offence, which was but seldom, so far would he deny himself as to acknowledge it and desire me to pass it by, professing to me he could never rest till he had done so; and the like I was ready to do to him, as there was far more reason; by which course, if any difference did arise, it was soon over with us. . . . . He was very much in commending the mercies of God in every meal, and was still so pleased with His provision for him that he would often say he fared deliciously every day, and lived far better than the great ones of the world, for he enjoyed God in all. So that he would say, 'O wife, I love a voluptuous life, but blessed be God, it is upon spiritual dainties such as the world know not nor taste.' . . . . Where he longed and panted to be he is now shining in heaven, singing praises to God and to the Lamb, which work he much delighted in whilst here on earth."

What is thy Name? Theodosia.

When the poet Cowper was studying law, he and a companion named Thurlow, the future Lord Chancellor, "the man who looked wiser than any man ever was," wasted much of their time "giggling and making giggle" with the daughters of his uncle, Ashley Cowper. With one of these, THEODOSIA, the poet fell in love, but her father objected on several grounds. "What would you do" he said to her, "supposing you were married?" "Do, sir?" she answered, "I would wash all day." The poet, however, had to give her up, and bade her farewell in a poem in which he spoke of the other great sorrow of his early days, the death of a young man whom he had greatly loved.

> Still, still I mourn with each returning day
> Him snatched by fate in early youth away,
> And her . . . through tedious years of doubt and pain
> Fixed in her choice and faithful . . . but in vain."

They never met again, but she at least never forgot him. He died in 1800, and when she followed him a quarter of a century afterwards, a little packet was found in her possession containing all the letters and poems he had sent her.

Cowper had a great regard for his uncle in spite of all that had happened, and yet seems to have had no little pleasure in ridiculing the old gentleman. "My uncle," he says in a letter to Mrs. John Newton in 1781, "trembles upon the verge of fourscore: a white hat with a yellow lining is no indication of wisdom suitable to so great an age; he can go but one step further in the road of impropriety, and direct his executor to bury him in it. He is a very little man, and had he lined his hat with pink instead of yellow, might have been gathered by a natural mistake for a mushroom, and sent off in a basket."

I know all the fowls.—Ps. 50, 11.

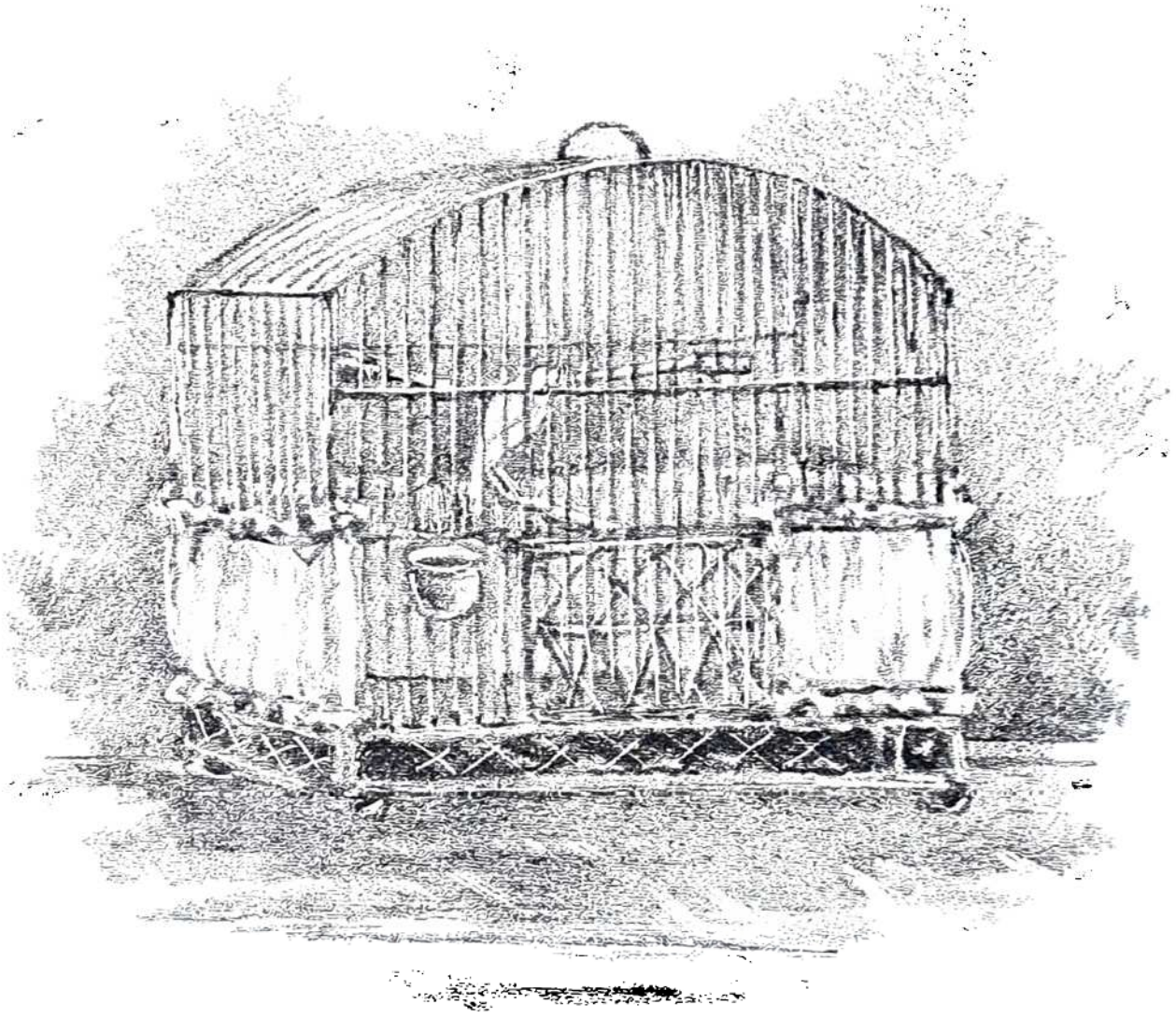
ONE December day some years ago the book I had set up on the table to read at dinner, Lowell's *Study Windows*—an old friend had given it to me "amoris documento," in proof of love—opened by chance, as we say, at the essay called "A Good Word for Winter." The first words I read were these:—

> The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
> Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

They are quoted from a poetical epistle written from Copenhagen by Ambrose Philips two hundred years ago, in which he describes, as Lowell puts it, the strange confectionery we see in nature in time of frost and snow, when

> Every shrub, and every blade of grass,
> And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass.

Now it so happened that only half-an-hour before I had been pointing out to a visitor a great new joy that had come into my little canary's life. Having been in Edinburgh a few days before, according to the old rule that when any member of a household has a holiday he is expected to bring back a little "something" for those who have stayed at home, I had bought for my canary



a short, movable spar that I saw recommended in a bird-fancier's window. The spar could only be fastened at one side, and, being therefore loose at the other, quivered whenever the bird perched on it. It cost a penny. But the things we give are to be valued by the love we put into them; with those we get, it is of course a very different matter; we are not quite sure of the purity of other people's motives. Be that as it may, this present from Edinburgh cost only a penny; whether they sell them of richer material, gemmed with rubies and crusted with diamonds, I do not know. I bought the best I saw, and only ask those who may taunt me with meanness to tell honestly how much they have spent on movable spars of any description for either bird or beast when they have gone on holiday.

The little bird, of course was soon busy experimenting with its horizontal bar. Its vibrations recalled at once the slumbering reminiscences it had inherited from the days when its ancestors, certain-

ly arboreal, were rocked asleep at mid-day in the mountains of Tenerife. A movable spar is at once a rocking-chair if one is resting—I speak as a bird—a spring-board if one is leaping, a trapeze if one is flying. All these no doubt were in the specification when the patent was taken out. But birds know their own wants best, and before a few days were gone, the little creature had sought out many inventions. In particular it loved, while standing on a fixed spar, to strike the new one with its bill till it shook and quivered like an aspen leaf—that is not a very good metaphor, but for the present it is the best that I can do—and then it would put the crown of its head under this vibrating bar, while all the time it sang like Jeremy Taylor's lark, doing the very thing the Copenhagen specimens, according to Ambrose Philips, declined to do!

What made it do so I have often wondered. Is it the love all creatures have of being stroked and

rubbed and tickled? or the love all artistes have of being patted on the head? or the love of an acrobat for thunders of applause? Or is it possible that the bird may have found it useful as a tuning-fork like the great orators of old to bring their voices back to their most telling notes? The spar sounds C, and perhaps the little minstrel finds in that deep note a pleasant accompaniment, a perpetual bass, to its high thrilling melodies, like the drone of a bagpipe. Perhaps, again, when the spar sounds, each piece of wood and wire and cord throughout the cage answers in its own tongue, and there may be a hundred harmonies quite audible to it that my gross ear cannot catch. Its cage may for the time become an enchanted bower and its occupant a little king of Bavaria, clad in cloth of gold, sole audience to a mighty orchestra. What if, after all, the bird is only showing its delight in making the big spar move—"Ha, ha! look at me. See what I can do, with my little bill! There she goes! I'm the boy to do it!"

Other reasons there are, no doubt, known only to the bird and the God that made it. There is no singing bird that does not shelter under the shadow of His wing. And if we were only wise to hear the messages God gives them for us, amoris documento, from how much sin we should be saved!

Behold, I have commanded a widow woman to sustain thee.—1 Kings, 17. 9.

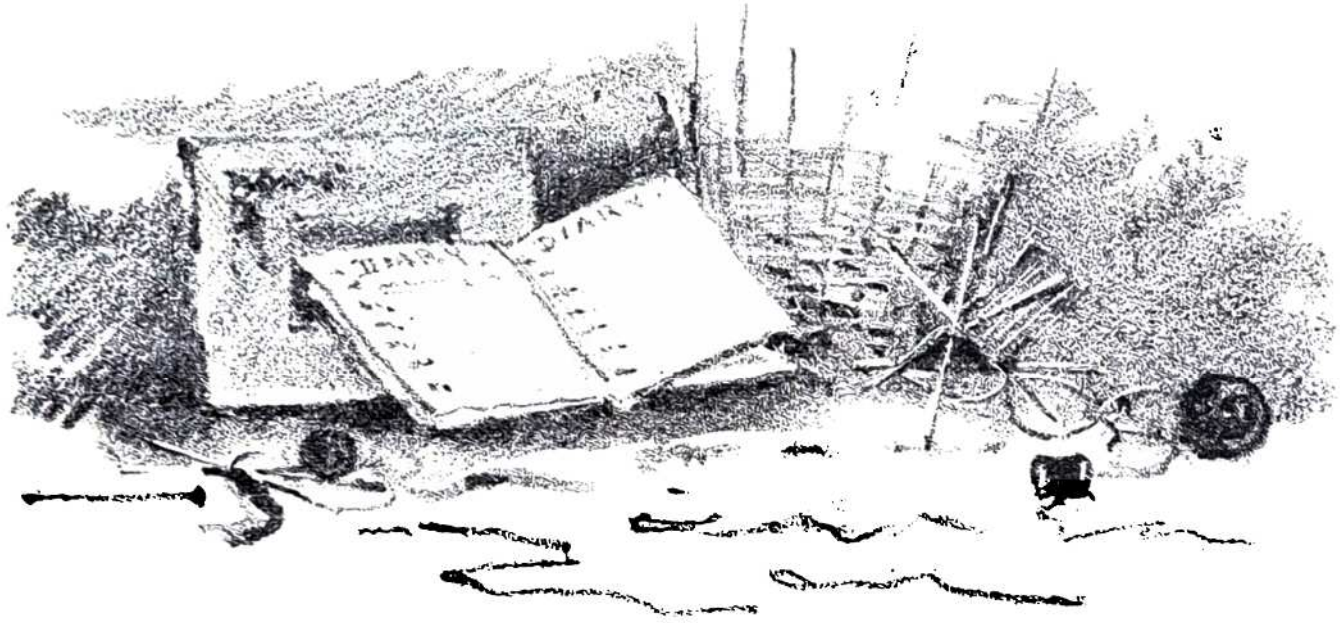
SOME labourers, with hoes in their hands, came; I asked them out of their goodness to strangers, to fetch a twig of the new dates.

"Augh!" they said, and the torpid souls gaped and fleered upon me.

"Ha!" said the voice of a poor woman who came by and overheard them, "Ye men of Teyma fear not God," and she passed on hastily. By and by she, who seemed a poor Bedlam creature, met me again running, and took hold, without saying word, of my mantle, and opening her veil, with a harrowed look she stretched me out her meagre hands, full of dates and pomegranates, nodding to me in sign that I should receive them.

The poor woman came to me again at evening like one half-distracted, and shrinking from sight.

"Stranger," she said, "eigh me! why didst thou not eat all my fruit? I ran for them as ever I heard thee speak. Know that I am a poor woman afflicted in my mind—ah Lord! He Who has given has taken them away. I have lost my children, one after other, four sons, and for this last I besought the Lord that He would leave me this child, but he died also—aha me!—and he was come almost to manly age. And there are times when this sorrow so taketh me that I fare like a mad woman, but tell me, oh stranger, hast thou no counsel in this case? and as for me I do that which thou seest—ministering to the wants of others—in hope that my Lord at the last will have mercy upon me."—*Doughty's Wanderings in Arabia.*



Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.
—Gen. 49, 4.

LITTLE Jeanie Dawly was kind and obliging and good-tempered, too good-tempered indeed, for nothing seemed to rouse her, and there is a time to be angry. But she was soft, and pliable, and of the tribe of "I-go-sir; and-went-not," always beginning things, or saying she would begin them, but never ending, ready to go not one mile but twain, yet laggart, undecided, invisible, before a hundred yards were gone.

How often God and the Angels warned her previously I do not know, but on her tenth birthday a shrewd old neighbour, who had been watching her, pointed out her weakness in memorable phrase.

"I see Jeanie, that you don't always ride when you saddle."

One minute Jeanie might be seen making beds for peever or hop-scotch, but before she had numbered them she was marking out with pebbles a four-roomed house; when one next saw her, a few moments later, she was playing or going to play, at keeping a little shop. Presently she was making a daisy chain, but ere it was well begun she had started a school from which she was a continual absentee.

In her teens she kept a diary every year faithfully—for part of a day, joined continuation classes, and attended invariably the first night. Once for a whole fortnight she was devoted to the piano and would soon have scarcely known herself had the superior attractions of the mandoline not proved too strong for her. They said too, that one of those years she did five minutes, or was it six? at wood-carving.

As a wife and mother she has gone the same road.

Her drawers are full of masterpieces of all kinds of needlework in their first stages; material for covers for cushions and cosies, stamped but otherwise untouched; silk ties

each one inch long; socks that are but leggings or wristlets; and blouses that will be ready the next time blouses are in fashion, not sooner, anyway!

As with her sewing and knitting, so with all other departments of household work. Her belated washings were no sooner on the ropes than they had to be hurriedly snatched off again, for the forenoon sunshine was gone and the rain would wait no longer. Her scones, her pies, her cakes were good no doubt, but then they had only reached the *idea* stage.

"Jeanie," said her husband one day at dinner-time—he had seen her preparing for great exploits when he left home at half-past nine—"the things you bake are like the bakemeats Pharaoh's chief baker made, I never see them but when I'm in my dreams."

We had a young man preaching for us one day. His text was 1 Kings, 13, 13, *Saddle me the ass. So they saddled him the ass; and he rode thereon.* It was the first time for many a day there were no sleepers in our church. The young man told us a great many things, but one of his chief points was this. "Whenever you read in the Bible," he said, "about people saddling an ass"—and he made us turn up a lot of passages—"you will find they did it with a purpose, and they carried out their purpose—they saddled the ass, *and went.*"

"Pity me!" said Jean to her husband on the road home, "who's been telling him about me? for that's what old granny Webster said about me when I was a girl—'I see, Jeanie,' says she, 'you don't always ride when you saddle.' I think when we get home I should read all these passages over again, specially that one where the woman says, Drive, and go forward; slack not thy riding for me except I bid thee. Do you remember where it is?"

"I do," said her husband, "it's the fourth chapter of 2 Kings. I took note of it, for I thought of reading it to you myself."

Reasons for not going to Church. 10th Series.—No. 5.

The Girl on the right, after greeting old Mrs. Lees one recent bitter night at the Prayer Meeting, and saying "Isn't it cold?," added in the innocent merriment of her heart, "I am so sorry I didn't put on my imitation-rabbit fur jacket."

The Woman behind her has ceased going to Church because she was never so much insulted in her life. "For, mark you," she said to a friend, "it was the first night I had on my sealskin collarette, real sealskin that I paid £1 17s 6d for, and I got it a great bargain through a cousin's nephew who is foreman in a first-class furrier's, and he said it was worth Seven Guineas. And it was pretty hard to hear it called rabbit-skin, and imitation

rabbit, too. But I could see all along that that Girl had taken a dislike to me."

And the truth of the matter is that the Girl, who is extremely short-sighted, had never noticed the collarette, though perhaps that only makes matters worse! and so far was she from bearing ill-will to the Woman that on the road home she said, "I wonder why our friend behind us didn't sing to-night. I often think the Meeting would be worth going to if it were for nothing else than the pleasure of hearing her sing alto."

1	F	God is for me.—*Ps. 56 9.* "I rank myself always on the side on which one need have no fear." *Richard Rothe's Still Hours.*
2	S	If God be for us, who can be against us?—*Rom. 8, 31.*
3	S	Am I become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?—*Gal. 4, 16.*
4	M	The prophets prophesy falsely; my people love to have it so.—*Jer. 5, 31.*
5	Tu	I hate Micaiah; for he never prophesieth good concerning me.—*2 Chron. 18, 7.*
6	W	Ye seek to kill Me, a Man that hath told you the truth. "He that would speak the truth should have one foot in the stirrup" (ready to run).—*Turkish Proverb, quoted in Dean Merivale's Autobiography.*
7	Th	Because I tell you the truth, ye believe Me not.
8	F	If I say the truth, why do ye not believe Me?
9	S	He that is of God heareth God's words.—*John 8, 40-47.*
10	S	Wilt thou not cry unto Me, My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth?—*Jer. 3, 4.* "The eighteenth year is, I apprehend, the year above all others which decides the character and bends the habits and dispositions to the course in which they shall henceforth run."—*Dean Merivale.*
11	M	Rehoboam was young and tender hearted,
12	Tu	And could not withstand vain men, sons of Belial.—*2 Chron. 13, 7.*
13	W	Flee youthful lusts.—*2 Tim. 2, 22.*
14	Th	Now that I am become a man . . . .—*1 Cor. 13, 11 (R.V.).*
15	F	Our sons as plants grown up in their youth.—*Ps. 144, 12 (R.V.).*
16	S	Our daughters as corner stones hewn after the fashion of a palace.
17	S	Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.—*Matt. 6, 20.*
18	M	The fool and the brutish perish and leave their wealth to others.
19	Tu	This their way is their folly; yet after them men approve their sayings.—*Ps. 49, 10-13 (R.V.).* Sir Robert Brown, diplomatist, British Resident at the Republic of Venice, died 5 Oct., 1760, "and left everything, even his avarice, to his widow."—*Walpole's Letters.*
20	W	He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house.—*Prov. 15, 27.*
21	Th	The fulness of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.
22	F	Riches kept by the owner thereof to his hurt:
23	S	And those riches perish by evil adventure.—*Eccles. 5, 10-14 (R.V.).*
24	S	I am the Lord that healeth thee.—*Ex. 15, 26.*
25	M	Luke, the beloved physician.—*Col. 4, 14.* "A Hospital Surgeon in charge of 40 beds, with 600 patients a year, may justly claim in 20 years to have saved 72,000 years of other people's lives.—*Confessio Medici.*
26	Tu	Have all the gifts of healing?—*1 Cor. 12, 30.*
27	W	The jailor washed the stripes of Paul and Silas.—*Acts 16, 33.*
28	Th	But a certain Samaritan bound up his wounds.—*Luke 10, 34.*
29	F	The dogs came and licked the sores of Lazarus.—*Luke 16, 21.*
30	S	God comforted us by the coming of Titus.—*2 Cor. 7, 6.*
31	S	Love seeketh not its own.—*1 Cor. 13, 5 (R.V.).* "He is no true friend who thinks that he puts a friend under an obligation by doing him a service."—*Mr. Spender's Comments of Bagshot.*

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June, 1905. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXI. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 6.

In Search of the "North West Passage"

THE MORNING WATCH *for 1907, Volume XX. is* NOW READY. *Price One Shilling.*

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Lift up thine eyes and look.—Genesis 13, 14.

He saw
The splendour sparkling from aloft, and thought
"An I could climb and lay my hand upon it,
Then were I wealthier than a leash of kings."
But ever when he reached a hand to climb,
One, that had loved him from his childhood, caught
And stay'd him, "Climb not lest thou break thy neck,
I charge thee by my love," and so the boy,
Sweet mother, neither climb nor brake his neck,
But brake his very heart in pining for it,
And passed away.

—*Tennyson's Gareth and Lynette.*

"STEPS and stairs are very remarkable objects to most children in their earlier stages in the art of walking. A sense of toil and danger is connected with them—and of awe; they are something like what Alpine precipices are to grown-up people. And when this state of mind is gradually overcome, it blends with the triumphant feeling of power in mounting and descending these difficult heights, and penetrating at will new regions in the remotest recesses of the house." So says William Allingham, the poet, in his *Diary*. And he says truly, for children are meant to choose the highest, to

Lay their uphill shoulder to the wheel,
And climb the Mount of Blessing.

Fifteen years after this, that little child, now climbing an inside stair in an old Fifeshire house, will go up Ben Lomond, Ben Macdhui, Ben Nevis, and perhaps the sharp peak of Sgurr-nan-Gillean—"the hill of the young man"—in Skye. In five-and-twenty, he may attempt Mount Blanc, and even the Matterhorn, and after that, may conquer some hitherto unconquered Himalayan height. But then a time will come when, his heart grown weak, he will not venture even the twenty minutes' ascent of the Pyramids with all their memories. A few years more, and no dinner-party in the world, however illustrious the hostess or her guests, will tempt him from his own fireside to face a little flight of steps. A few months more, the inches that lead from pavement to street, from street to pavement, will give him pause. A few days more, and you shall have to wheel him if he must pass—a terrible adventure—from the carpet to the rug. And then, when a few hours are gone, this poor, helpless, timid, shrunken man will go singing through the valley of the shadow, and face and wrestle with and overcome the very king of terrors.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 53.)

What is thy Name?

Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723-1792, one of the greatest of portrait-painters and colourists, was the seventh child of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, master of a grammar-school in Devonshire, and THEOPHILA, daughter of the Rev. Matthew Porter.

Theophila.

There are perhaps few men in history to whom we are more in debt than the "most excellent" Theophilus, the man but for whom Luke might not have written the third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles. His name is a very beautiful one. It means—a lover of God, and Theophila is the feminine of it. Sir Joshua's father, we are told, was an absent-minded man. Once, when he was riding, for example, one of his boots dropped off, and he never missed it. He must surely have had an equally bad attack the day he bought such an easy-fitting pair. On his wife's name he made this rhyming "domestic arrangement":

When I say—"The"—
Thou must make tea.
When I say—"Ophy"—
Thou must make coffee.

They must have been a very busy couple when they had to converse by a telegraphic code!

Thomasina.

Grace Darling, 1815-1842, the brave girl who, on the morning of the 7th September, 1838, rowed out with her father, a lighthouse keeper on one of the Farne Islands in the north of England, to the wreck of the "Forfarshire," and saved the nine survivors of a ship's company of fifty-two, had for her mother THOMASIN or THOMASINA HORSELEY, 1774-1848, a farmer's daughter. She was twelve years older than her husband, William Darling. He died in 1865, aged 79.

Tryphena.

Earl Bathurst, 1714-1794, Lord Chancellor of England from 1771 to 1778, wrote his own epitaph: "In Memory of Henry Earl Bathurst, Son and Heir of Allen, Earl Bathurst and Dame Catherine his wife. His ambition was to render himself not unworthy of such Parents." Lawyers, especially Lord Chancellors, consider him one of the least efficient, "the weakest though one of the worthiest," of those who sat on the Woolsack during the eighteenth century. He was twice married, his second wife being a Miss TRYPHENA SCAWEN.

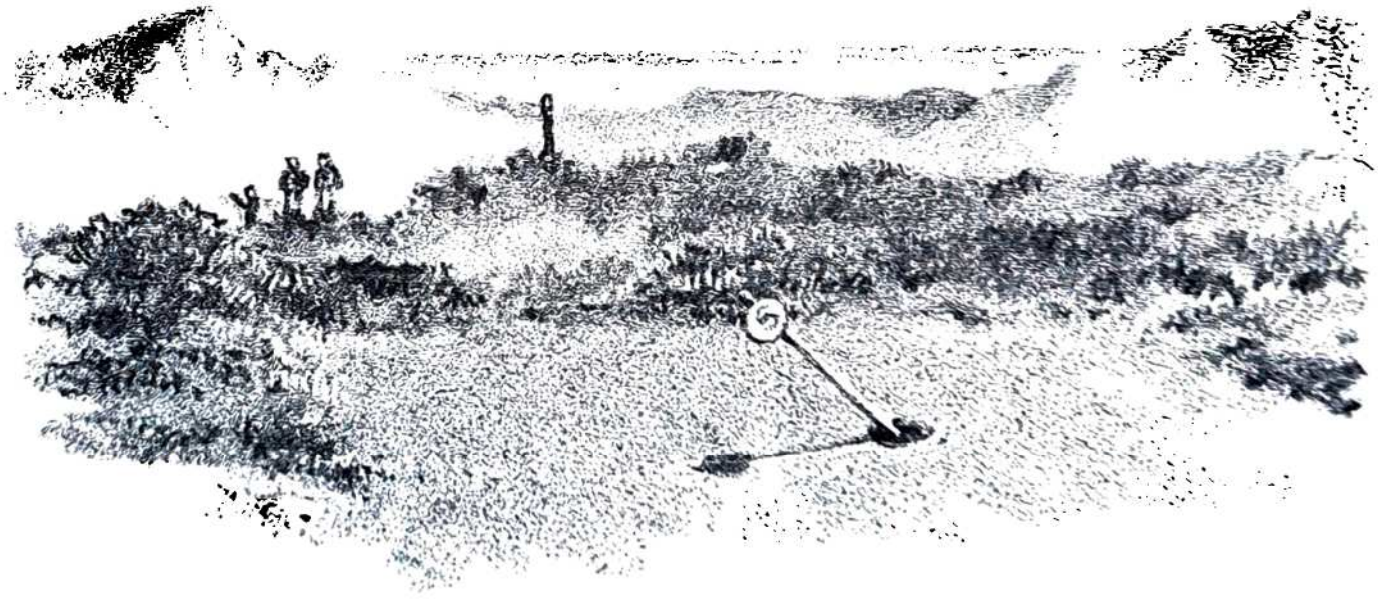
Tryphena and Tryphosa were two women, probably sisters, to whom Paul sends his regards in his Epistle to the church at Rome. Their names, which are "characteristically pagan," are Greek words, which have been translated *Dainty* and *Disdain*. In our day these two ladies would have been called the Misses High and Haughty, or the Misses Nice and Nasty. Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us that in his boyhood, having heard some one describe his future step-mother as a "pert minx," he turned up his dictionary to see what a minx was, and found it was "the female of mink"—whatever that might

What is thy name?

Tryphena.

be. That their two daughters should be pert minxes was the highest ambition the parents of Tryphena and Tryphosa had, at least if we may judge by the names they chose for them. No Greek or Roman wished his children to be "meek and lowly." The last thing in the world these two women would once have thought of doing would have been to put their necks to any kind of work. But to their everlasting honour it is said they put on Christ's yoke and learned of Him, and toiled and toiled hard in His service, and thus their pagan names have actually become Christian ones. Yet neither name is common. I once saw Tryphena on a stone in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh, and I think I have heard of a Tryphosa, but where, I cannot recollect.

On the 28th of August, 1685, Lady Alice Lisle was found guilty of having sheltered a dissenting minister who was supposed to be a rebel. The infamous Judge Jeffreys—you may read the whole story in Macaulay's History—condemned her to be burnt alive that afternoon. She was respited, however, for five days, and, at her own request, beheaded and not burnt. Her death was what we call a judicial murder. She had two married daughters, TRYPHENA LLOYD and Bridget Usher, and through their efforts, four years afterwards, in the days of King William, the sentence that had been passed against their mother was annulled by Act of Parliament. Mrs. Lloyd, having afterwards become a widow, had for her second husband Lord James Russell, a brother of the patriot martyr, Lord William Russell, to save whose life from the fury of King Charles his father, the Duke of Bedford, offered £100,000 in vain.



If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.—Prov. 24, 10.

IN Mr. Leach's *Great Golfers in the Making*, a well-known player tells how he won the *Evening Telegraph* Cup, open to all Scotch amateurs, at Leven a few years ago. After beating a number of competitors he had reached the "final." In the outward half, the first part of the game, he had all the best of it, and was "4 up" at the turn. At the 13th hole, he was still 4 up, and with only five holes to play, he considered the match already over, and began to picture the rejoicings there would be at Carnoustie.

But the cup was not his yet, for his opponent, a local man familiar with the course, won the next two holes. "Then," says he, "I began to lose confidence, and I could not get the ball into the hole.

"After driving to the 16th hole, I was walking behind two men, one of whom, evidently a supporter of my opponent, I overheard say, 'No, no, he's done, he will not hit another decent shot till he gets back to Carnoustie.'

"This, I believe, finally settled the match in my favour, for the idea that any man should hold such a poor opinion of my nerve, however justifiable that opinion might have been at the time, made me so determined to disprove that man's prophecy that my heart returned, and I won the match by 3 and 1 to play."

Now, a day may come when Satan and those who lay wait for your soul, and perhaps some of your friends along with them, will say of you, "There is no help for him in God; God hath forsaken him: persecute and take him; for there is none to deliver him." In that hour be of good courage, pluck up heart, and play the man. Resist the devil and he will flee from you. Say to him as Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress* did, when Apollyon thought he had him, "Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall arise." Cry mightily to God, "Be not far from me; O my God, make haste for my help. Help me, O God of my salvation, *for the glory of Thy Name.* Wherefore should they say, Where is thy God?" Cry mightily and He will come and save you.

Mr. Sandison.

The Man whose Mind was Weak.

MR. and the Lady Constance Moseley Grigg were sitting on a box at the end of a little West Coast pier, waiting for the steamer *Whaup*, now two hours overdue, and you may guess, if you choose, the kind of humour they were in. But you will guess wrong, for they never were in better mood, and that for two reasons. They had come down from their place in Wales to see a shooting in Argyllshire, and to their amazement and delight had found it, and everything about it, even better than its advertised description. Then, secondly, according to their wont on every journey that they took, they had had adventures, and the last of these had been the best. They had fallen in with an oddity of a man!

Chapter II.

Old Mr. Sandison had come to the village two years before from Glasgow, and lived in a little cottage a mile up round the point. In the course of a long life, though his wages never exceeded twenty-two shillings, he and his wife had laid past money enough to bring in about five shillings and fourpence a week of interest. His old master would have made his wages two pounds and more rather than lose him. But Mr. Sandison did not know that, and even had he known it he never would have had the courage to ask for an advance. It was, he thought, a master's part to offer, not a servant's part to ask. How they were able to save so much, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Sandison was ever able to make out. But the reason was simply this—they were thrifty and they were generous, and so they got the blessing God has promised in His Word. After the death of their two little ones they lived together over forty years. Then she died, and the old man, now very deaf, was left alone. A month after, his old master's son, who thought himself a very clever fellow—"up-to-date" was his favourite phrase—gave his old workman his dismissal. Mr. Sandison, after answering advertisements innumerable, found out that no one was willing to have him, willing though he was to serve even for a boy's wage. To remain in Glasgow he saw was out of the question. He set out to look for a new home, and after visiting some of the villages on the West Coast, found the place that God had prepared for him. It was a lonely, little thatched cottage, with a tiny kitchen and a tinier room, a bit of garden, and a beach abounding in driftwood, all for £3 a year. Thither the old man had come to live, and he lived well. Milk, specially buttermilk, was easy to be had from an adjoining farm; peasemeal and oatmeal, lentils and barley, did not cost much, and needed no skilled cook; he had a cup of tea or coffee twice-a-day, and now and again he caught fish off the rocks where no one had ever caught them before, perhaps because no one had tried, or perhaps because the fishes had orders from their Master to put themselves at this good man's service. He had, therefore, bread enough and to spare, and always a penny or two to give away.

Chapter III.

On their way to the shooting-lodge Mr. Moseley-Grigg, seeing the old man at his door, had asked him if he could oblige him by taking in a telegram he had forgotten to send off when passing through the village.

"I'm just going to the village, and I'll do it with pleasure."

When the message was written, Mr. Moseley-Grigg handed him half-a-crown and said, "Please keep the change." But the old man would not hear of it; it would be an awful-like thing, he said, to be paid for doing a little thing like that, seeing he was going into the village anyway; and do what they could, they could not make him yield.

"Yes," said the driver, in answer to their questions, "I know him; he's a Mr. Sandison, a little bit weak in the mind, but he'll hand in the telegram quite right, for all that."

"Ah, well," said the lady, "it is very sad to see any one with a mental defect, but I wish it oftener took the form it has done in his case. I don't recollect an instance like that in England, and I don't think from what I hear that it is very common in Scotland."

Chapter IV.

On their way back a few hours after, they saw a paper pinned on his door with the words—"The telegram was handed in at 10.10 all right."

"Now, isn't that very considerate?" said the Lady Constance to her husband. "Do you think there is any chance of seeing that old gentleman in the village?" she added, speaking to the driver.

"It's hard to say, ma'am," was the answer. "You can never tell where you'll meet him. The number of things the poor creature gets to do is perfectly astonishing."

Chapter V.

The Pier master confirmed the driver's words and said there was no doubt the man wasn't "all there." He added some particulars, of which I can only give a few.

"Did you notice the ridiculously shapen ugly-looking coat he had on? He got that made by an old tailor down the road there that's paralysed on the one side, out of a bit of cloth the tailor had had lying by him these dozen years, and he could have got a decent well-made suit for the same money. And he has great big pockets in it full of all sorts of rubbish! I'll tell you how we found that out. It was one Sabbath day. You know he always comes to the church though he doesn't hear a word the minister says, and one day, during the first prayer—you know we stand at the prayer in Scotland, at least we do that here—a tremendous thunder-shower came on, and he saw through the window that the drains were choked, and that in a little the water would be into two cottages whose owners were from home. So out he goes and stands in the water up to his knees, clears the gratings and then he comes in again to the sermon. My word, the most o' us would have been only too glad o' the chance to get away. There happened to be a fire on in the minister's room that day, and after the sermon some of us made him come in and dry his coat. It was as wet as a divot. Well, didn't John Ferguson, one o' the elders, happen to turn the coat upside down, and the next moment out came tumbling on to the floor a dozen or two old nails and tackets and bits o' broken glass and a handful or two o' thorns! Of course we never let on we saw them, but we had often wondered what it was he was always picking off the street—he has a terrible trick o' doing that—and now we understood. You see, sir, it turned out that one day he had seen a

young lad's bicycle punctured, as they call it, by one o' these queer-shapen plates wi' nails in them that some people mend their boots wi', and the lad told him it meant an eight-mile walk and a chance o' losing his last train for home, besides a lot of expense. And ever since, he lifts these things off the road whenever he sees them, and he had forgotten to empty his pocket on the Saturday!

"And here's another queer thing he does. Lots o' steamers pass here in the summer time, and if he sees bairns on board or school-trips, he must go out and wave a white towel to them; he says bairns like to wave and be waved to when they get a sail. But there's a funnier thing than that. We have lots o' visitors in summer, and he's very deaf, and can't hear what they say, but he found out that most o' them wanted to know the correct time, and when the different steamers went back, and where the roads lead to. And so what does he do but put his clock into the window with its face to the road and the words printed below it—'Correct Steamboat Time.' He can write very well himself, for I have seen him many a time, but he got the best writer in the school to do it, a smart little lass, and then he got her to print a lot more things about when the boats go, and how far it it is to this place and that, and where there's a particularly fine view, and where there's a sandy shore for wading on.

"And then, just to please people when they are coming back and wondering if their faces are sunburnt, he keeps a looking-glass on a table at the end o' his garden, and a jug that he fills wi' water out o' the spring and a tumbler beside it. He used to keep the table close to the house, but he thought people didn't get as long a look into it that way as they would like, and so he shifted it. Ay, and he has a young crow that he found on the road one day wi' one o' its legs broken, and one Sabbath it had crept into his pocket and fell asleep, and the singing wakened it, and didn't it put out its head and cry 'Craw! Craw!' I could tell you a lot more, sir, for I'm very sorry for the man, but here's the steamer coming, and I hope we'll see her ladyship and yourself in August."

"Thank you very much, but I must say I can't help thinking your pity toward that man is a little misplaced, for I think, from all I've seen and heard, that Mr. Sandison, so far from being a fool, is a *genius!*"

"And a *saint!*" added the Lady Constance, "and it will do us both good to see as much of him as possible when we come to our new home."

Chapter VI.

"Do you know," said the Piermaster to one of his brother elders six months after, "I'm beginning to think these English people are right in what they said about Mr. Sandison, only, if he's right in the mind, the rest o' us are wrong in the mind, *and that's a thing I'm very unwilling to admit.*"

Reasons for not going to Church. 10th Series.—No. 6.

This lad's mother would not take him to Church when he was a child, "lest he should take a distaste to religion, and then," she always added, "when he comes to years of sense, I hope he will go willingly and gladly."

This is how he spent last Sabbath, his twentieth birthday, for alas! "the years of sense" are further off than ever.

1	M	The lips of the righteous feed many.—*Prov. 10, 21.*
2	Tu	A prating fool shall fall.—*v. 8.*
3	W	The multitude of my thoughts.—*Ps. 94, 19.*
4	Th	The multitude of words.—*Job 11, 2.* "I cannot talk you down, but I can think you down, Jemmy," said *Dr. Samuel Parr, 1747-1825,* to a friend one day.
5	F	All his thoughts are, There is no God.—*Ps. 10, 4.*
6	S	Bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.—*2 Cor. 10, 5.*
7	S	Hannah brought him unto the house of the Lord : the child was young.
8	M	I have lent him to the Lord.—*1 Sam. 1, 28.*
9	Tu	Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—*Mark 10, 14.*
10	W	Forbid them not : for of such is the Kingdom of God.
11	Th	The sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of the light.—*Luke 16, 8 (R. V.).* "About the age of four I was taken by my mother to Mr. Forgan's shop in St. Andrews to be fitted with my first golf-club."—*Mr. J. R. Gairdner in Leach's "Great Golfers."*
12	F	The daughter of Herodias, being put forward by her mother.—*Matt. 14, 8 (R. V.).*
13	S	The lioness took another of her whelps, and made him a young lion.—*Ezek. 19, 5.*
14	S	Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you.—*Luke 22, 31.*
15	M	Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—*1 Cor. 10, 12.*
16	Tu	Be not highminded, but fear.—*Rom. 11, 20.* "It is never more necessary to be careful and thoughtful at golf than when one is playing well."—*James Braid, thrice Open Champion, in "Leach's Great Golfers."*
17	W	Happy is the man that feareth alway.—*Prov. 28, 14.*
18	Th	I said in my prosperity, I shall never be moved.
19	F	Thou, Lord, of Thy favour hadst made my mountain to stand strong :
20	S	Thou didst hide Thy face ; I was troubled.—*Ps. 30, 6 (R. V.).*
21	S	To me to live is Christ.—*Phil. 1, 21.*
22	M	And to die is gain. "I saw Miss Graham, wonderfully well and cheery, happy to stay and ready to go, the present world full of interest, the future sure. She is less and deafer, but in her intellect and affections and happy humour and fun, quite herself."—*Dr. John Brown's Letters.*
23	Tu	Thou shalt come to thy grave, as a shock of corn.—*Job 5, 26.*
24	W	I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower.—*Hab. 2, 1.*
25	Th	Looking for the consolation of Israel.—*Luke 2, 25.*
26	F	Looking for the coming of the day of God.—*2 Pet. 3, 12.*
27	S	Behold, the Bridegroom ! Come ye forth to meet Him.—*Matt. 25, 6 (R. V.).*
28	S	Oh, that they were wise.—*Deut. 32, 29.*
29	M	Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.—*1 Cor. 1, 24.*
30	Tu	Buy wisdom.—*Prov. 23, 23.* The Right Hon. Thomas Burt when a lad used used to walk once a fortnight to Newcastle—seventeen miles there and back—railways being too dear, to see the second-hand bookstalls.

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July, 1908. One Halfpenny

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VOL. XXI. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 7.

"Happy because others are happy."

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Happy because others were happy.

OLD Mrs. Dron is knitting one of the squares of a white cotton bed-cover at which she has been working for several years, working very slowly, for she suffers from rheumatism and some other ailments besides, and there are days and days on which she does not manage to do a single stitch. Yet she is always contented and cheerful, always finding or making some other body happy, and that makes her happy too.

Let me give you a little instance. From her window she can see the tramway lines. A week ago, after a car had passed, she saw a man and his wife with three children all running after it. The guard was on the roof, engaged in controversy with a man, a stranger in the town, who thought it very odd that he should be charged a ha'penny for a ride of 50 yards. So on went the car, and after it, faint yet pursuing, went her friends—yes, her friends, for Mrs. Dron had already made their sad plight her own. A message boy, however, fortunately saw them, and by his whistling—oh happy gift of youth!—and his wild gesticulations, compelled the driver to hear and obey. So the five got into their desired haven, and they were glad. But Mrs. Dron was even gladder. For they soon forgot the incident, or at best remembered it but once or twice. She fed on it all day, and if she said it once, she said it a hundred times, "Oh but I'm pleased that man and his wife and their bairns got into the car; I wonder who it was that got it to stop for them. Oh but I'm pleased! Poor bodies! I hope she was none the worse for the run she had."

You say you don't see how a trifle like that could make her happy for a whole day and every times she thought of it all week? Ah! that is because you have neither Mrs. Dron's imagination nor her heart.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 64.)

What is thy name?

Una.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the American writer, gave his first child, born March 3, 1844, the name UNA, taken from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. "As to her name," wrote a friend, "I hardly know what to say. At first it struck me not quite agreeably, but on thinking more of it I like it better. The great objection to names of that class is that they are too imaginative. If your little girl could pass her life in playing upon a green lawn, with a snow-white lamb with a ribbon

What is thy Name? Una.

round its neck, all things would be in a 'concatenation accordingly;' but imagine your wife saying, 'Una, my love, I am ashamed to see you with so dirty a face;' or, 'Una, my dear, you should not sit down to dinner without your apron.' Think of all this, before you finally decide."

The story of her life is a very touching one. After her father's death she became engaged to a young American writer of great promise. His health being delicate he set out on a voyage to the Sandwich Islands. He died on the passage. A lady wrote to her announcing the news. "The letter came one afternoon," says a friend, "when we were all sitting in the library. She began to read, but after a moment quickly turned over the page and glanced on the other side. 'Ah—yes,' she said slowly with a slight sigh. She made no complaint, nor gave way to any passion of grief, but she seemed from that hour to relinquish the world along with her hopes of happiness in it." She continued to devote herself, as she had done for some years previously, to the upbringing of orphan and destitute children. But before the end of the year her dark auburn hair had become quite grey. She died soon after, near London, in 1877.

Ursula. Ursa is Latin for a *she-bear*, and URSULA or URSILLA, therefore, means a *little* she-bear. Ursa Major, that is, The Greater Bear, is the name that astronomers and sailors long ago gave to the constellation of seven stars which we now call the Plough or Charles' Wain, that is, Charlemagne's Wagon. If you do not know it by sight, ask any grown up person to show it to you the first clear starry night you are out of doors. The two stars at one of the ends are called the *pointers*, because they point in a straight line to the Pole-Star, so called because it tells us that when we look at it we are looking almost due North. I should not wonder if it was some mariner who first called his wife or his little girl Ursula because the thought of her kept him in the right course and drew him home.

"Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun."

That is what every Ursilla and every good girl will do, she will seek to guide all who look at her on their happy voyage "towards no earthly Pole."

Henry, Lord Stafford, who died in 1565, and his wife URSULA, daughter of Sir Richard Pole, K.G., and Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, had a son Richard who died very poor. This Richard had a daughter Jane born in 1581 who married a joiner in Shropshire, and they had a son a cobbler, on which one of the old writers on English Genealogies remarks as follows: "The grand-daughter of Henry, Lord Stafford, the great grand-daughter of the mighty Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, and of Margaret, who was heiress of George, Duke of Clarence, brother to King Edward IV., the wife of a joiner and her son a mender of old shoes!—tell it not in the College of Arms, publish it not—but the moral lesson ought not to be withheld."

What is thy name? Ursula.

Tennyson in his *Harold* makes one of his characters say, "My father was great and cobbled," and Dr. Robertson of Irvine once described one of his elders as "a man who lived in communion with God and made shoon." May we not say that possibly the Plantagenet who had Cardinal Pole for a brother was less to be envied than that other who had a cobbler for a son?

It was an URSULA that was the mother of Jacob Boehme, 1575-1624, whom some consider the greatest of the mystics and the father of German philosophy, a man whose life was hid with Christ in God. On the Sabbath morning on which he died he called his son Tobias to him, and asked him whether he could hear sounds of sweet music. Tobias having said he could not, his father asked him to open the door of the room so that he could the better hear it. A little later he was heard praying, "Thou crucified Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy upon me, and take me to Thyself in Thy kingdom." An hour or two afterwards he bade his family farewell, and smiling, said, "Now I enter Paradise."

Francis Quarles, 1592-1644, an Essex and Cambridge University man, Cupbearer to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James VI. of Scotland, afterwards Queen of Bohemia, the woman who forms the connecting link between the ancient Scottish and English Sovereigns and the present dynasty, and afterwards Secretary to the godly Archbishop Ussher whom Samuel Rutherford welcomed to his pulpit, had for his wife URSULA WOODGATE. *Vixērunt sine querēla*, they lived without a quarrel, is a common inscription on old Roman tombstones, but that could hardly be said of this man and wife, for Mrs. Quarles was the mother of no fewer than eighteen! Her husband was a writer whose poems were of the kind that George Herbert wrote. His best known book is *Divine Emblems*, but he was the author of many other works. To one of these, published after his death, his wife prefixed a short *Life* of her husband. She describes him as a "gentleman both by birth and desert, descended from an ancient family, and yet, which is rare in these last and worst times, he was an ornament to his ancestors . . . In all his duties to God and man he was conscionable and orderly." In his last illness, "his patience was wonderful, insomuch as he would confess no pain then, when all his friends perceived his disease to be mortal; but still rendered thanks to God for His especial love to him, in taking him into His own hands to chastise, while others were exposed to the fury of their enemies, the power of pistols, the trampling of horses. His exhortation to his friends that came to visit him were most divine, wishing them to have a care of the expense (the spending) of their time, and every day to call themselves to an accompt (account), that so when they came to their bed of sickness they might lie upon it with a rejoicing heart. And doubtless such an one was his, insomuch that he thanked God that whereas he might have justly expected that his conscience should look him in the face like a Lion, it rather looked upon him like a Lamb; and that God had forgiven him his sins and that night sealed his pardon—and many other heavenly expressions to the like effect.

What is thy name? Ursula.

I might here add what blessed advice he gave to me, in particular, still to trust in God Whose promise is, to provide for the widow and fatherless, but this is already imprinted in my heart; and therefore I shall not need here again to insert it." One wishes that the woman who could write like that had written more.

One of Samuel Rutherford's Letters is addressed Oct. 1651, to a Lady Ralston whose maiden name was URSULA MURE. She was newly recovered from an illness that had brought her "near the harbour," and he congratulates her on being honoured to come back and bear Christ's reproach a little longer. For, he says, "that is an advantage that is not to be had in heaven itself; for although the inhabitants of that land agree in one to sing the song of the Lamb's praise and commendation, so it is here away, and here only, where we have occasion to endure shame and contradiction for His worthy sake." Lady Ralston was a Renfrewshire lady. Her husband was William Ralston of Ralston, near Kilmarnock, and it was at his house that Alexander Peden held his first conventicle. Her sister was the wife of John Carstares the Covenanter and mother of Principal Carstares, the famous chaplain of William III., and "father of the Revolution Settlement."

The Hyacinth and the Parsley Fern.

"I AM growing so high, I can see over the wall at the foot of the garden, I can actually see the hills at the head of the Gareloch!"

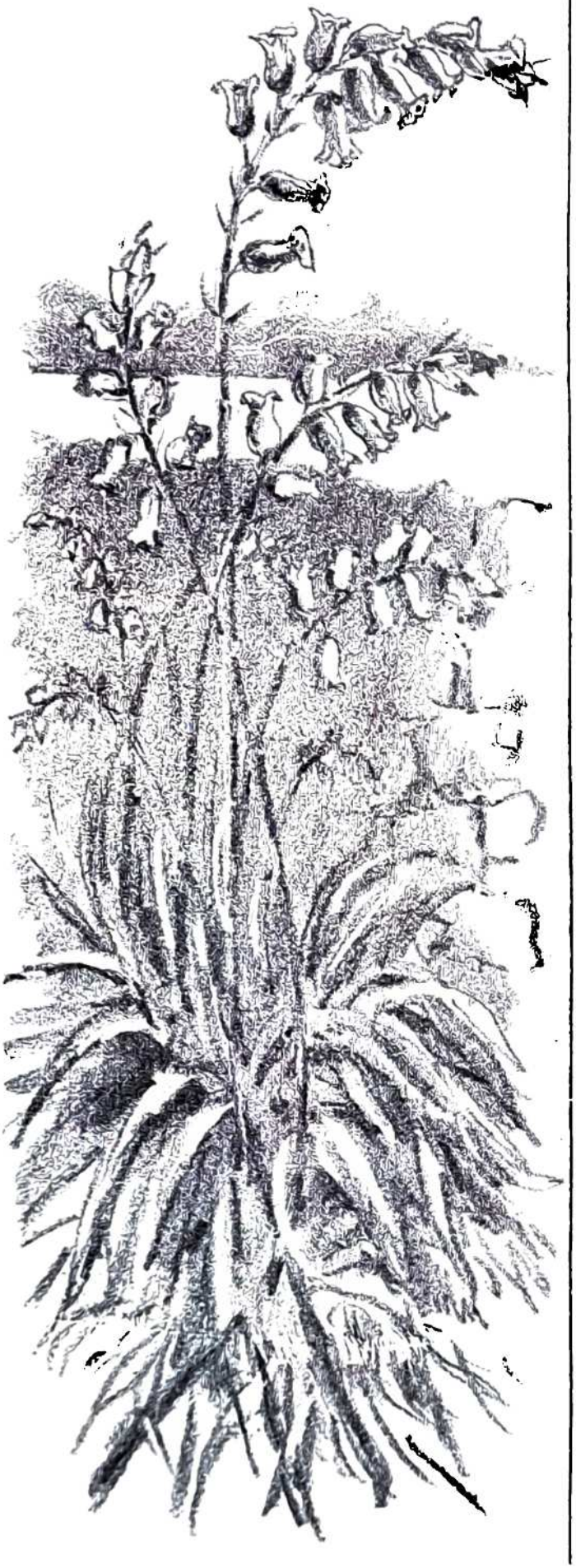
It was a blue hyacinth that spoke, and it certainly did look wondrous tall, quite a foot-and-a-half high, with a great cluster of curling bells on its graceful head. It was growing with a number of others in a little corner of a rock garden, and it did make one wonder why they should grow so much taller there than in their native woodland.

"Did I hear you say you could see hills?" asked an eager voice coming from the depths between two pieces of rock. "Oh how I wish I too were tall, I am dying to look on a mountain."

"And who, may I ask, is speaking?" said the hyacinth, looking this way and that way, and wondering much who was expressing so strange a wish. "Are you animal, mineral, or vegetable?"

"I am a parsley fern," answered the voice, "and if you would only kindly remove some of your green leaves I should be exceedingly obliged, for I am suffocating for want of air. To think that I, who grew at a height of 6,000 feet and looked on a range of mountain peaks 12,000 feet high, should be doomed to pass my days in a gloomy hole like this! I might as well be in a graveyard. Oh for a breath of cold, fresh air!"

"Well, you need not be so downhearted," said the tall hyacinth. "There are hills not far off, and the beautiful river Clyde is close beside us. Cheer up, and grow, and you'll see them yet. I'll try to make a little more room for you, and if you will tell us some of your experiences, we shall all be interested, I know,



for we have none. We have never been out of this garden, so far as I remember. Where did you come from?"

The fern, gratified by the respect paid to it, said, "I was brought from Switzerland. I grew on a mountain close beside the Rhone Glacier, and——"

"Wait a bit," interrupted the hyacinth, "you mustn't go on so fast. Beside what? and what is Switzerland?"

"Switzerland is a country with very high mountains, whose tops are always covered with snow. And a glacier is just like a frozen river, winding down a mountain side to a valley. Of course it is not smooth. The ice stands up in blocks and spires 30 feet high, and there are huge cracks; one can look down 100 feet and hear the water rushing at the bottom."

"And the Rhone?"

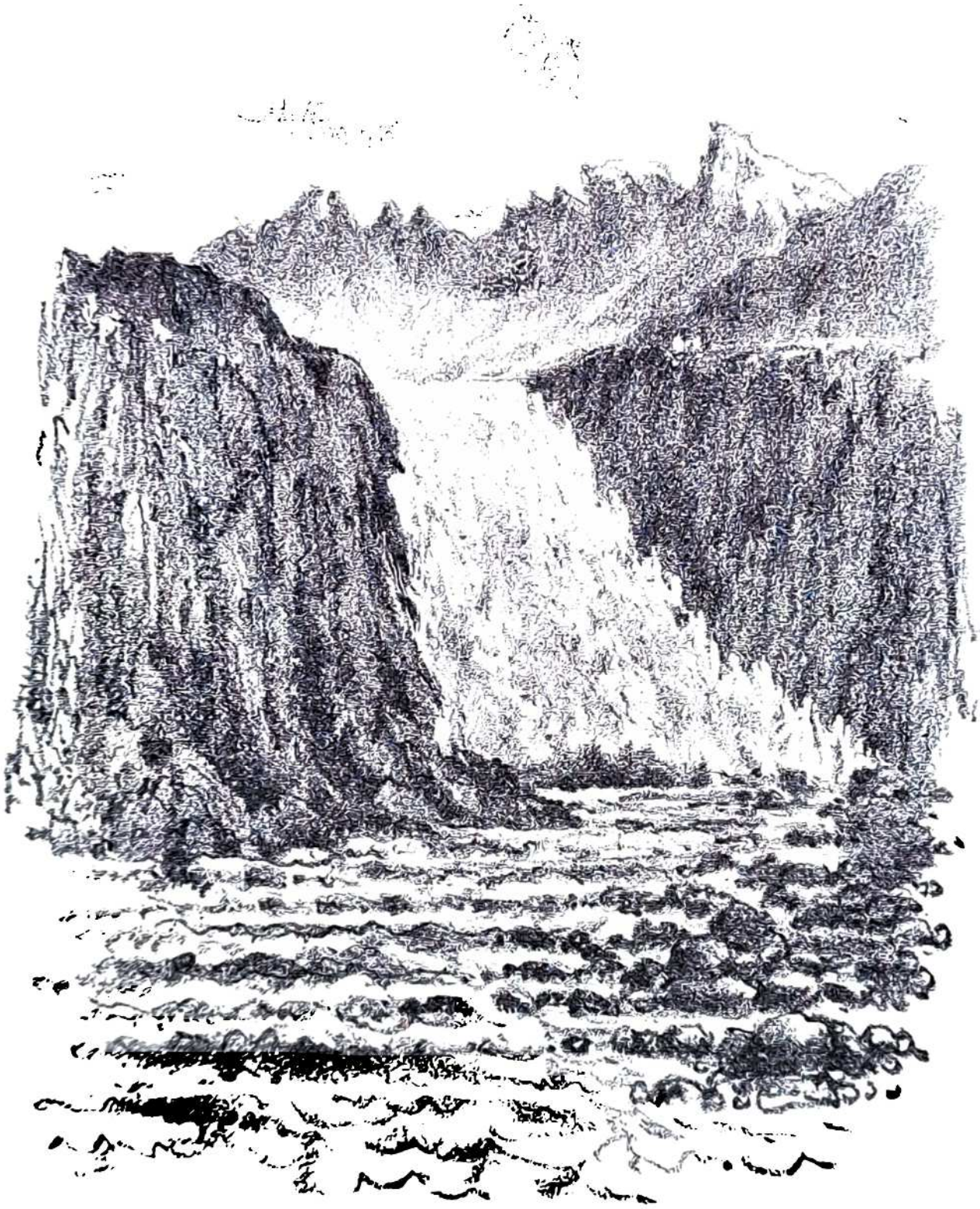
"The Rhone is a river. It rushes out of a cave of blue ice at the foot of the glacier, fed by the melting snows, and foams down the valley, through the lake of Geneva, and on, on, through France, till it reaches the Gulf of Lions, 500 miles away."

The hyacinths looked impressed.

"I fancy that beats your Clyde," said the fern, and they could not deny it.

"And how did you come here?"

"Oh, two tourists who were climbing our mountain passed us one day, and one of them said, 'Holloa! look at the parsley ferns. I'll take one home to Scotland' So he grabbed me up with his penknife and carried me here in a little tin



box, and I feel pretty sick about it all, I can tell you."

One young hyacinth who rather resented the fern's disparaging remarks about their home, and who was not altogether inclined to believe that everything was so delightful in that far-away land, said, "Surely it must have been awfully cold?"

"No, not in summer, and in winter there was sixteen feet of snow over us, and we didn't feel the cold a bit."

"That was more like a graveyard than our rockery," said the young hyacinth, "and please may I ask how you know all this? I guess you weren't able to jump about and look down the ice-cracks."

"No, it was my old friend the marmot who used to tell me all about the avalanches, and the glaciers, and the poor people who lived in the valley and who worked so hard in their short summer to lay up a little food for the long winter. They were always trying to catch him, but he was a wise old thing, and kept out of their way. He too slept all winter under the snow, for no creature could stand the cold. The entrance to his burrow was close beside where I grew, and many a chat we had as he passed out and in."

"It is the birds that bring us all our news," said the hyacinth, "I assure you they can carry a matter. They could tell you what the master of the garden had to breakfast this morning."

"Indeed? I must say," said the fern, "I like your birds. We have no such song-birds in Switzerland. What is the name of that one with the speckled breast that sings morning and evening on the topmost branch of this tree above us?"

"A mavis; and the black one with the yellow bill is a blackbird, or a merle. He told me that is his French name. And there is a robin, and a willow-wren, that live with their families in the garden, and sing to one's heart's content, and I wouldn't exchange them for a hundred glaciers," snapped the young hyacinth.

"Well, a hundred might make things uncomfortably cold even in summer, but at anyrate, Miss Scornful, we had clear fresh air, and none of this endless sopping rain, and these grey skies, and——"

"Oh! but the rain makes the bonnie green grass, and the rainbows, and the beautiful lights and shades on the clouds, and——"

They were getting so excited they could not get their words out, when an old crow flew past. He had been listening, for the rookery was close by. "Craw! craw!" he said, "don't be silly. There is beauty and joy and love in every land, and whatever we lack that is good in our own we should admire all the more in other lands. Craw! Craw, Craw!"

"Rachel Weeping."

A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not.—Jer. 31, 15.

DR. BOMPAS, an English Church Missionary Bishop who died two years ago, says in one of his letters, that if a conversation were begun with an elderly North American Indian woman, she would generally turn the subject to the number of children she had lost, and these she would count on her fingers, and that it often took the whole ten to number her little ones that were dead. I have heard one of the agents of the National Bible Society of Scotland say the same thing about the women of Korea. When a baby dies there, its mother wraps it in straw and puts the little bundle in the topmost branches of a tree, that it may remain in her sight as long as possible. This agent himself lost a little one, and when he and his wife carried it to the grave to bury it, and told the women who went with them that they believed their child was still theirs, and that its soul was with God, and that its body would rise again at the last day, the women were moved beyond words and went about telling others the strange good news that they had heard.

The killing of all children in Bethlehem, from two years old and under, by Herod at the time our Saviour was born is one of the mysteries of Providence. But we know some of the purposes it served. It was a proclamation to the Jews

that their King was coming, and that the princes and people of the earth would plot against Him, but in vain. The Flight into Egypt was a gracious message to many a man and woman in that land. No mother that met Mary could ever forget her or her goodly Child, Emmanuel. Their visit to that great and ancient land would widen the minds of Joseph and Mary and fit them the better for the training of their Son, and doubtless, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, the things that He saw and heard while there made their own proper mark on the mind of the Holy Child.

But there were two other purposes that God had in view in permitting the slaying of the little children that should specially be mentioned:

1. It bound Christ afresh, even in His childhood, to the work to which He had been set apart from all eternity, the work of man's redemption. In one sense, a very limited sense of course, but yet a real one, these children died for Him, and that bound Him to die for them, only His dying for them was exceeding abundantly above their dying for Him, even according to the infinite measure of His grace. But that is the measure with which He always metes back what is done for Him.

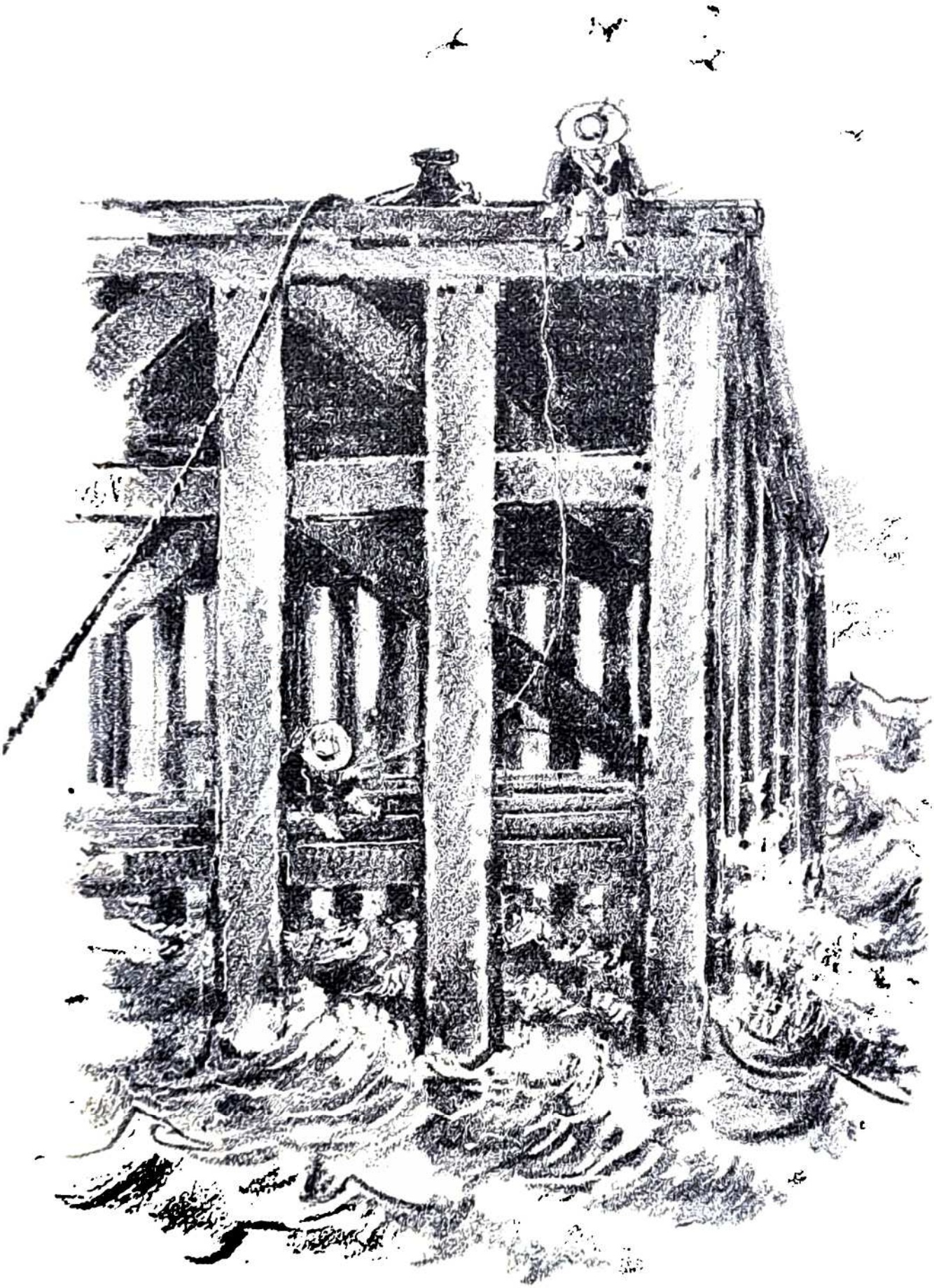
But, 2. The slaying of the children bound Him to their mothers, and therefore to all mothers. Surely there is not one of those mothers in Bethlehem in heaven that, now that she knows all things, regrets the special bond that binds her and her little one from amongst His fellow-citizens to the King of Glory?

It is indeed a striking thing, and one that should comfort all fathers and mothers that have lost a child, that the first funerals in the New Testament, the Book that tells us of Him Who brought life and immortality to light, are the funerals of a little company of babes.

Reasons for not going to Church. 10th Series.—No. 7.

The Mother of these two boys is not able to go to Church herself and will not let them go without her, because, her pew being in the front of the gallery, she is afraid they may fall over. "They are such restless creatures," she says, "that they can't sit still a single minute, and I always like to know where they are, and to keep my eye on them."

And this is where they are every moment they get the chance, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, all July and August.



1	W	Who hath made man's mouth? have not I, the Lord?
2	TH	Now, therefore, go, and I will be with thy mouth.—*Ex. 4, 11.*
3	F	As for these four youths, God gave them skill in all learning.—*Dan. 1, 17 (R.V.).*
4	S	Their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod.—*Neh. 13, 24.* "It is really a most dreadful thing that I am as yet not perfect in spelling, particularly proper names. Mr Wood desires me to learn a certain quantity of names every day for 5 minutes after luncheon, which though a good thing is yet very degrading for a boy of 15."—*The late Duke of Cambridge's Diary, 23rd Aug., 1834.*
5	S	All His commandments are sure.—*Ps. 111, 7.*
6	M	Thy commandments are my delights.—*Ps. 119, 143.*
7	TU	Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat?—*Gen. 3, 1.*—"Our chaplain decided that as it was late we should not go off to the ship till morning. For this Captain Sparshott scolded us before the assembled crew, and stopped all shore leave for the rest of the voyage. It effectively read the lesson that no one could interfere with the orders received from a superior officer."—*Capt. Montagu Burrows.*
8	W	Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you,
9	TH	Neither shall ye diminish ought from it.—*Deut. 4, 2.*
10	F	Making void the word of God by your tradition.—*Mark 7, 13 (R.V.).*
11	S	Whatsoever is commanded by God, let it be done exactly.—*Ezra 7, 23 (R.V.).*
12	S	I am the Lord, I create darkness.—*Is. 45, 7.*
13	M	My God made darkness His hiding-place, His pavilion.—*Ps. 18, 11.*
14	TU	I will give thee the treasures of darkness.—*Is. 45, 3.*
15	W	When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.—*Mic. 7, 8.*
16	TH	By His light I walked through darkness.—*Job 29, 3.*
17	F	The terror by night.—*Ps. 91, 5.* To George Morland, the painter, 1763-1804, who killed himself by drinking, the idea of being in darkness, even for a moment, became unbearable; "If the light happened to go out, he would creep toward the fire or the person next to him. He could never sleep without two lights in his room, fearing that one might by some accident be put out."
18	S	Chains of darkness.—*2 Pet. 2, 4.*
19	S	The sea is His. "On the voyage to Norway, standing at the door of the deck cabin, I saw a moving hill of water pass the side of the ship. I got on the top of the cabin, and saw the sea like a mountainous country, all hill and valley, with foam for snow on the summits—the finest thing I ever saw."—*Tennyson, quoted in W. Allingham's Diary.*
20	M	And He made it.—*Ps. 95, 5.*
21	TU	He hath described a boundary upon the face of the waters.—*Job 26, 10 (R.V.).*
22	W	I have placed the sand for the bound of the sea.—*Jer. 5, 22.*
23	TH	Thou rulest the pride of the sea.—*Ps. 89, 9 (R.V.).*
24	F	The waters saw Thee, O God; they were afraid.—*Ps. 77, 16.*
25	S	And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.—*Rev. 20, 13.*
26	S	Even a child maketh himself known by his doings.—*Prov. 20, 11 (R.V.).*
27	M	A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.—*Prov. 29, 15.*
28	TU	How shall we order the child?
29	W	And what shall be his work?—*Judges 13, 12 (R.V.).*
30	TH	All Judah stood before the Lord with their little ones.—*2 Chron. 20, 13.*
31	F	The sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of the light.—*Luke 16, 8.* "As soon as I could stagger along on my feet I was away to the links. I could not say how young I was then; I only know that for what I was doing I was as young as I could be."—*J. H. Taylor, 3 times Open Golf Champion.*

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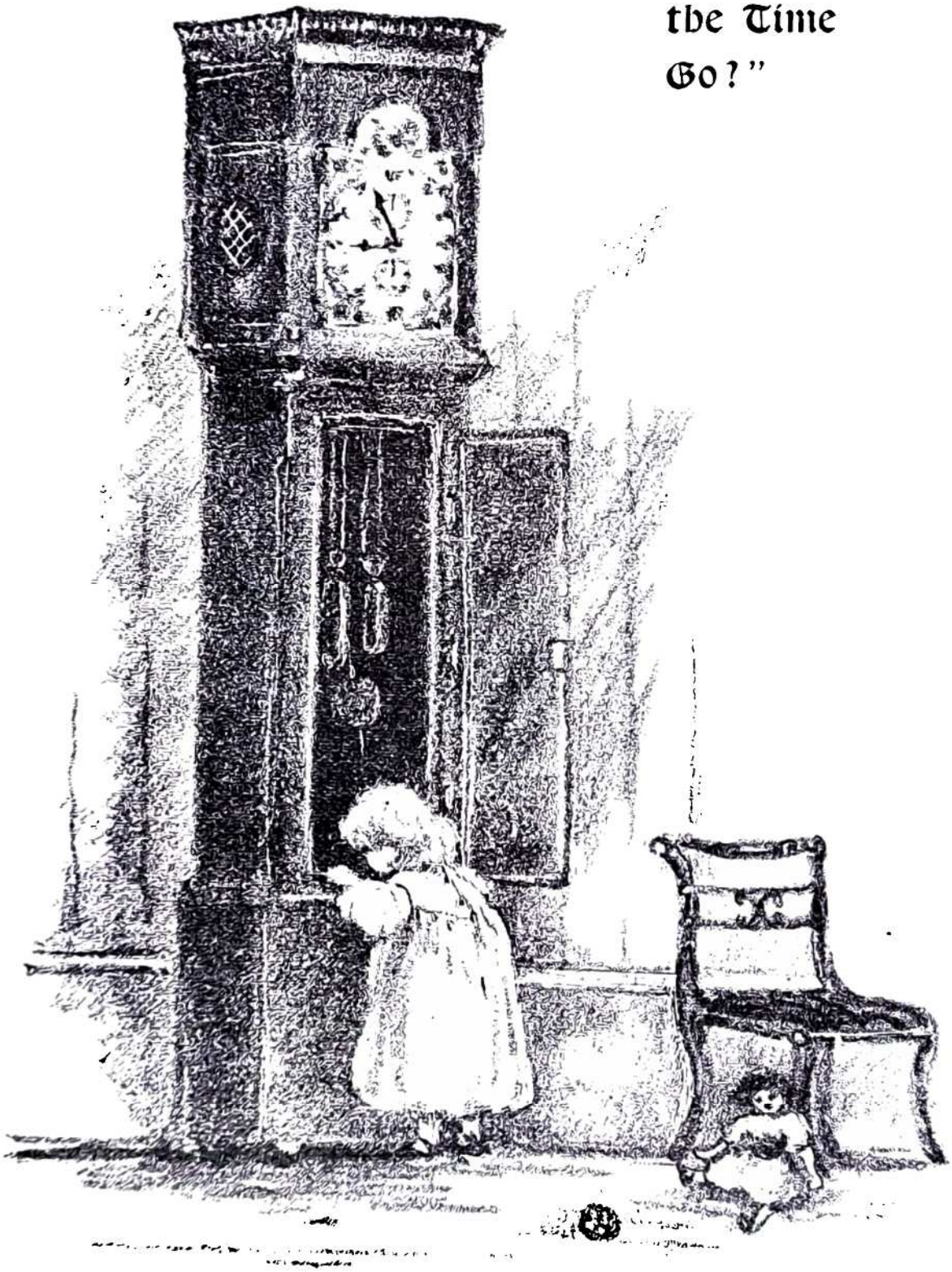
The Morning Watch.

Vol. XXI. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 8.

"Where Does the Time Go?"



Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., and XX., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

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"Twenty Strokes!"

So Fight I.—1 Cor. 9, 26.

TWELVE years ago in the annual boat-race on the Thames between the two great English Universities—the course is 4½ miles long—the Cambridge crew, whom everybody expected to win, led until about a quarter of a mile from the finish. "As we came into the straight bit of the river, amid a perfectly deafening toot-toot-tooing from the steamers, which nearly cracked the drums of our ears," says Mr. Ernest Roxburgh Balfour, who was rowing number Five from the bow in the Oxford boat, "we quickened our stroke, and *very* gradually began to lessen the gap between us, until, as we shot Barnes Bridge, they were not more than a good three-quarters of a length ahead of us. Well! I had heard that only once before had the boat which was behind at Barnes passed the winning post first, so I thought that if we were going to win this race we had better begin very soon to put on a spurt.

"And now began a tremendous struggle. We were blown, but still felt that we had a lot more left in us, and Cambridge had been going for all they were worth for the last mile; and now Gold quickened the stroke, and we were quite fit enough to back him up well. We raised the stroke to thirty-seven," (that means, to the rate of thirty-seven strokes in a minute) "and I could just hear our cox" (that is the man who steers the boat, chosen always for his lightness and his nerve) "say, above the awful yelling and cheering along the banks and everywhere, that we were coming up fast. We kept up the fast stroke, and presently we heard our bow, De Knoop, scream, 'I can see their stern,' next Three yelled out the same, and in a few strokes I could see it myself. Then our cox, who all through had steered magnificently, screamed, 'Now as hard as you can—twenty strokes'! and we proceeded to 'dig them in'; and Cambridge simply seemed to stand still, while in twenty strokes we had passed them, and were half a-length ahead.

"For the last minute we had come into the most awful rough water, and great big waves were breaking into the boat threatening to swamp her, and our cox adjured us to 'feather high,' as we might hit our oars on a wave while coming forward and 'catch crabs'. We struggled on to the finish after this, still keeping our lead, and in another three or four hundred yards we had passed the winning-post two-fifths of a length ahead."

Mr. Balfour, from one of whose letters I have been quoting, rowed again as No. 5 in the crew of 1897, "perhaps the very best university crew that has ever been," and a month or two afterwards was one of

the winners of the Silver Goblets prize for pair oars at Henley Regatta. In the middle of August, while shooting in Perthshire, he caught a chill, and two weeks afterwards he died of pneumonia. One of his last conscious acts was to join in singing 'O God of Bethel.'

Besides being a great oarsman, he was a fine football player, captaining the Rugby team of his university in 1895-6. He was a remarkably handsome lad, 6 feet 2½ inches high, with a very sweet and winning face, and as good as he was handsome, for he feared God above many. After reading his life, one does not wonder that men who met him spoke of him as about the finest young fellow they had ever seen.

He was scarcely twenty-three when he died, but I hope he will live in the memories of those who read this as he does in the hearts of all who ever knew him.

When you are fighting with temptation, or with any other difficulty, I hope you will hear that cry ringing in your ears:—"Now as hard as you can—TWENTY STROKES."

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 77.)

What is thy Name? Ursula.

When Martin Luther the Reformer was a boy of 15, in 1498, he was sent to a school in Eisenach, in Saxe-Weimar. There, says Principal Lindsay in his *History of the Reformation*, "he was a 'poor scholar,' which meant a boy who received his lodging and education free, was obliged to sing in the church choir, and was allowed to sing in the streets, begging for food." One day when he had been repulsed from three houses, and was standing hungry and downcast before the house of a burgher named Conrad Cotta, URSULA COTTA, his wife, who had often watched young Luther at Church, and now noticed his dejected air, opened the door and bade him come in. Conrad was so much pleased with the lad's society that after a few days he made him an intimate of his home. There Luther learned that there was nothing on earth more lovely than the love of husband and wife, when it is in the fear of the Lord. There, too, to please this good Shunammite, he learned to play on the flute and cultivated that gift of music which afterwards did so much for Germany and for the Reformation.

In the Choir of Ely Cathedral there is, or used to be, a 17th century brass plate with this inscription:

URSULA { TYNDALL by birth.
COXEE by choice.
UPCHER in age and for comfort.

That is, Tyndall was her own maiden name, Coxee the name of the husband of her youth, and Upcher that of the man she wedded in later life, and let us hope as much for his comfort as for her own.

What is thy name? Violet.

John Brown of Haddington, the Commentator, was twice married, his second wife being VIOLET CROUMBIE. She is said to have been a superior and even a remarkable woman, clear-headed, frugal, industrious, and a notable house-mother. She was a great reader of books, too, and literally read the libraries in the town of Haddington dry. Her mother having died young, she and the rest of a large family were taken care of by a faithful old servant. The children never forgot the strange emotions that came over them every Saturday evening when they saw the long row of shoes, all black and shining, which she had laid out for them for the Sabbath day. Miss Croumbie's father, a merchant who supplied the packmen or pedlars who in those days carried goods along the less frequented bye-ways, seems to have been a man of striking character. He had one strange experience. He kept a store of gunpowder in a cellar right below his shop. One summer evening, as he sat at his window over his ledger, one of his apprentices went into the cellar with a lighted candle in his hand. A spark lit on the powder, the barrel exploded, the lad was killed, the ceiling was blown up, while Mr. Croumbie himself was hurled up the street over thirty yards. That Gunpowder Day was never forgot, and every year after, when the date came round, Mr. Croumbie spent the day in prayer and thanksgiving. His premises and stock were insured, but he peremptorily refused the money when it was offered him. He felt that he himself had done wrong in letting an inexperienced youth go on such a dangerous errand. The Insurance Company, in their astonishment at such unprecedented delicacy of conscience, gave him a service of plate. More than two hundred of John Brown's descendants are alive at this present moment, the most distinguished of them being Prof. Crum Brown of Edinburgh University, and the Rev. Prof. Cairns of the United Free Church College, Aberdeen. Twenty-one years ago last June, fifty of the family met in Haddington to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Mr. Brown's "death, ascension, and entrance into the joy of his Lord." It was Mr. Croumbie's silver service that was used at the parting meal at the close of that memorable day.

Mrs. Brown had a granddaughter, also named VIOLET, who, if we may judge her by her choice of a husband, counted wisdom the principal thing, and with all her getting made sure of getting understanding. This husband was a Mr. Robert Johnston, a merchant in Biggar, a remarkable man, of whom his nephew, the author of *Rab and his Friends*, says it is difficult to say to strangers what is true, without being accused of exaggeration. "A shopkeeper in that little town, he not only intermeddled fearlessly with all knowledge, but mastered more than many practised and University men do in their own lines. Mathematics, astronomy, the doctrine of the moon, and the higher geometry and physics, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, to the veriest rigours of prosody and metre; Spanish and Italian, German, French, and any odd language that came in his way; all these he knew more or less thoroughly, and acquired them in the most

What is thy name?

Violet.

leisurely, easy, cool sort of way, as if he grazed and browsed perpetually in the field of letters, rather than made formal meals, or gathered for any ulterior purpose, his fruits, his roots, and his nuts; much less bought them from any one. He made it a matter of conscience to read Homer through once every four years. . . . With all this, his knowledge of human nature, and especially of Biggar human nature, the ins and outs of its little secret ongoings, was like a woman's. . . . This singular man came to the manse every Friday evening for many years, and he and my father discussed everything and everybody, beginning with tough, strong head work, and ending with the latest joke in the town. . . . His firm and close-grained mind was a sort of whetstone on which my father sharpened his wits at this weekly setting. I used to think Socrates must have been like him in visage as well as in much of his mind."

When the Lord thy God shall have brought thee into the land, to give thee great and goodly cities, which thou buildedst not, and houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not, and wells digged, which thou diggedst not, vineyards and olive trees, which thou plantedst not; then beware lest thou forget the Lord.—Deut. 6, 10.

SOME years ago a sweet looking old woman, with roses in her cheeks and a young fruit tree in her hand—I forget what kind of tree it was—came into a railway carriage, in which I happened to be travelling, at an Ayrshire roadside station. She was very free and hearty in her way, and chatted very pleasantly about her little house and garden. She told us where she meant to put the tree, adding, in answer to a question, that she didn't expect to get any fruit off it for at least five years. When she said that—for she looked well over seventy—some young people in the carriage were so taken aback that they laughed outright. The older ones amongst us wondered at her courage, but said nothing. Moltke, the great German warrior, once remarked to a friend as they came near a fine clump of trees, "It is never too late to begin a good work. I began to plant these trees shortly before my 70th year, and I am now reaping the benefit of them." He was 83 when he said that, and so I hope, and should not be a bit surprised to find, that that old woman is living yet, and that she has had many years' reward for her courage and patience and faith. For it needs courage and faith and hope, and something greater still, and that is love to do a thing like that. No wonder Elspeth Lunny, in Mr. Barrie's *Little Minister*, always got angry when she heard her husband speak of planting trees for the benefit of the men that were to occupy his farm after him. It was a very natural thing for her to do, but it was very wrong. Other men before us have laboured and we have entered into their labours. We best pay our debt to those who went before us by leaving a similar debt to those who shall come after us.

How the planting and rearing of

trees may help to educate both individuals and nations is finely shown by Prof. George Adam Smith in speaking of the olive tree in his great book on "Jerusalem."

The olive, he tells us, is much less fertile in the fat plains than when it grows upon high rocky slopes, or terraces, in a wash of wind and sunshine. The most favourable conditions for its culture are a warm, porous, limestone soil, where the winter frosts are moderate or transitory, and where the summers, when the berries ripen, have either little or no rainfall. The tree flourishes on stony declivities that will produce no other fruit, and is also at home on marly soil and among the shot *débris* of hills and even of ruined towns. Round Jerusalem these conditions are all present, and the Palestine olive reaches its best. To *the labour of the olive*, then, we may believe that the earlier like the later inhabitants of Jerusalem mainly applied themselves, and reaped not only the wealth which the tree ultimately yields to its possessor, but those moral endowments which observers, ancient and modern, have justly attributed to the discipline of its slow and skilful cultivation. The berries yield their farmer food and light, ointment for cleansing, healing, and festival; the timber provides his furniture and fuel. But if his farm be a highland one, the olive, besides thus fulfilling so many domestic uses, is practically the only one of his crops which yields a surplus over his yearly wants, and is therefore ready for export or exchange.

The harvest of the olive, however, comes only to a long patience. The young plant is carefully cultivated for seven or eight years, before engrafting, and even then for three years more before it bears fruit, but it is only after fifteen to twenty years that it reaches its full value. Watering is necessary in the earlier stages, and frequent digging, as much as three and five times a year. After this the tree may endure for centuries, for it possesses with its very slow growth so enormous a vitality that we may call it imperishable. How all this makes for the increase of caution and foresight in a community, for habits of industry and love, may be easily realised.

Dr. Ussher, of Armagh, the friend of Samuel Rutherford, once said after a long conference with a friend, "Come, doctor, let us say something about Christ before we part." So, to follow that example, let me quote one more paragraph from Professor Smith. "The olive does not appear in the Parables of our Lord, nor its oil in the Sacraments He instituted. But it is enshrined in His Name, the Christ, that is, the Anointed; and it is the symbol of the consecration and endowment of His Church by His Spirit. Nor can the Christian heart forget that it was beneath olive trees and hard by an olive press that the Divine Passion was accomplished, and the Saviour bowed Himself to His sacrifice for the life of men."

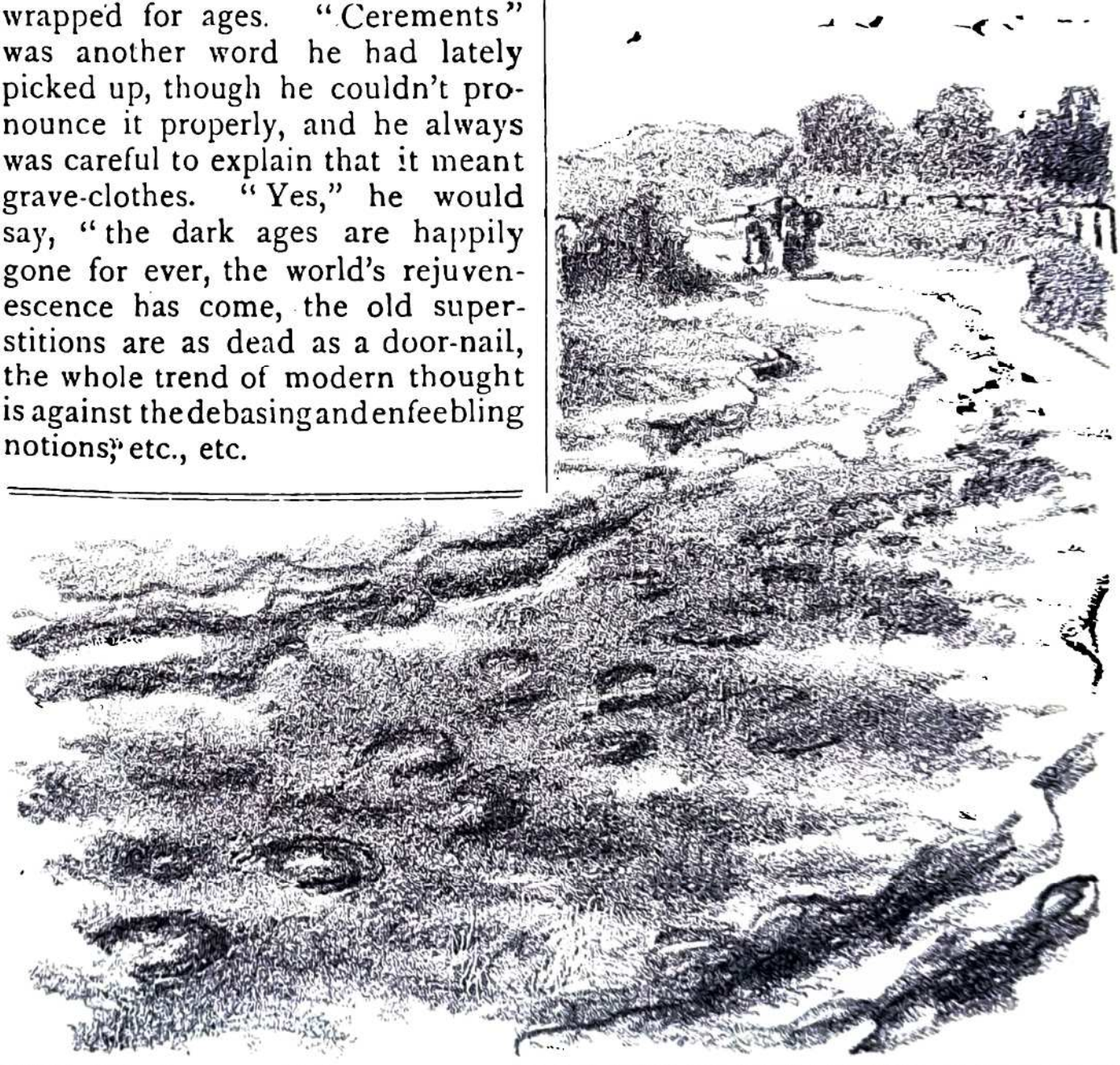
The Joy of Harvest.

The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.—Ps. 138, 8.

MR. SORSBY was a commercial traveller. He was tall and handsome, and amongst those who didn't know much, had the name of being a great thinker and a well-read man. He was always speaking of "the trend" of modern thought. He had picked that word up in a book and had been immensely taken by it. He was always "down" on ministers and elders and religious people generally. He knew about

that kind of thing, he often said, for he had been brought up amongst old folks who went to church, and had family worship, and attended the prayer-meeting, and asked a blessing before meals and returned thanks after them. But though these old superstitions were dying hard, they were dying all the same. This was an age of enlightenment, education was doing its work, men were thinking for themselves, and their minds were discarding the old cerements in which they had been wrapped for ages. "Cerements" was another word he had lately picked up, though he couldn't pronounce it properly, and he always was careful to explain that it meant grave-clothes. "Yes," he would say, "the dark ages are happily gone for ever, the world's rejuvenescence has come, the old superstitions are as dead as a door-nail, the whole trend of modern thought is against the debasing and enfeebling notions," etc., etc.

On the particular evening on which he had been saying this, he and some of his brethren "on the road" had been talking of their day's work. It had been rather a poor day with them all, with himself an exceedingly poor day. "But he had known that morning how it would turn out," he said. A horse-shoe over his bed-room mantel-piece had fallen with a clatter on the fender while he was shaving,



and, more than that, when he was leaving the hotel his eye had caught the mark of a single horse-hoof in the mud, lying in a curious sort of squint way. And he confessed he had felt sure he was to have no luck that day, and he certainly had had none. He had seen the same thing happen once before, a horse-shoe over his bed-room door had fallen, and that day—for the first time in his life—he didn't get a single order. "Folks may laugh," he said, "but say what you will, there's *something* in it!"

"There's this in it," said one of the company, "it's a lesson to people that stick things on their walls, whether horse-shoes or pictures or old china, to see that the nails are properly fastened."

This observation, however, was received with disapproval. Most of them agreed that there was really something in it, and one or two of them felt that to talk flippantly about it boded no good for next day.

Chapter II.

That same day, in another part of the town, there was lodging a young man to whom that whole week had been one of great annoyance. He had been doing some special work for his firm, and for several weeks everything had prospered even beyond his utmost expectation. And then all at once there had come a set-back. It looked for three days as if all that he had done was to end in nothing, like a knotless thread.

In the morning he had as usual said his prayers and read part of a chapter and taken breakfast, but was still very disconsolate when he set out to face his day's task. But presently as he crossed a little-frequented road, he, too, noticed some marks of horses' hoofs, and instantly there came into his mind what he had heard a minister say the Sabbath before. His text had been, "I am the Alpha and the Omega," and he had told the people that these were the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet; that Alpha was like our own A, but that Omega or big O was not unlike a horse-shoe in shape; and that the text meant several things, of which this was one, that if God began a thing, He loved to finish it, and if He asked us to begin things He would help us to carry them through to a happy end.

And the recollection of that so cheered him that he not only went about his work bravely but came home at night calm and contented though his difficulties seemed worse than ever.

Come, for all things are now ready. . . . Go out, and constrain them to come in.—Luke 14, 16-23.

A few weeks ago I saw a pretty little child, eighteen months old, whose first words to me, not unnaturally perhaps, were, "Go away! Go away!"

"A useful phrase!" said the child's father, a man in the army, and one who like Ulysses might say,

> Much have I seen and known; cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, governments.

"A most useful phrase" he con-

tinued, "I can say it myself in fifteen or sixteen different languages, and I really don't know a more useful sentence."

The child, I have since learnt, salutes everybody at the first meeting the same way, so that "Go away!" is perhaps simply the expression of the child's shyness. It is as though he should say: "O! is this another person whose name and face and character I have got to learn and remember? I am really meeting far too many people, my mind will not bear the strain."

Yet no doubt the child wishes to exert its will, even more than to save its mind. For there is something *tremendous* in this power of the human will that God has given us, and the child cannot but wonder at the strength of the weapon whose use it has been daily finding out.

One day I found the little fellow by himself blowing with all his might into a little basket and crying as usual, "Go away!" It may be he was addressing an invisible host, and marvelling like the centurion at the readiness with which his men obeyed him. And yet I think he was rather rejoicing in his gift of speech. I knew a boy once who, beginning later than his comrades to learn French, was often found saying to himself the word that means *to-day*, "aujourd'hui." He seemed to feel that he was really speaking French when he said that. And so, I think, a little child that is just learning to speak must feel a hundred times in a day that it is not quite managing to grip the hard words and sounds it hears; the nerves and muscles of its throat can hardly frame themselves aright as yet. But when it says "Go away," its ear, and other people's looks, tell it that in this instance its pronunciation is as good as that of any orator in the land, and therefore, according to the old law, it likes to do what it can do well.

Fourthly, from the way it smiles, one can see that it sometimes says "Go away!" in fun. It has found out already that the meaning of words lies not in the words themselves alone, but in the way in which we say them. If its mother says, "You little rogue!" she means, "You are anything but that!" So, "Go away!" means, when said with a smile or an affected frown, "You are *not* to go away!"

Yet, after all, "Go away!" is a characteristically human phrase, one of the first we learn, one of the commonest we use. But it is the one sentence God does not wish to say. "Send the multitude away," was what the disciples said. But Jesus said, "They need not depart." God will never say to any man, "Go away!" until He is forced to do it, and then it breaks His heart to say it. "For I hate putting away, saith the Lord, the God of Israel."

Reasons for not going to Church. 10th Series.—No. 8.

These two women were not at Church, because their mistress, who was entertaining the minister, a stranger, thought, perfectly needlessly,

that he required a hot dinner after "the great labours of the day." The maids could not help wondering whose labours were the greater, theirs or his, and were not a little amazed when they found out afterwards from the brother of the cabman who drove him to Church, that his text had been Exodus 20, 10: "But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, ... nor thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle."

S	1	In the beginning God. *Gen. 1, 1.* When Huxley said, "In the beginning was Hydrogen," Carlyle said, "No more of that stuff to me, Sir!"—*Allingham's Diary.*
S	2	His eyes behold, His eyelids try, the children of men.—*Ps. 11, 4.*
M	3	His eyes were as a flame of fire.—*Rev. 1, 14.*
Tu	4	And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter.—*Luke 22, 61.*
W	5	Jesus beheld the city, and wept over it.—*Luke 19, 41.*
Th	6	The Lord hateth haughty eyes.—*Prov. 6, 17 (R.V.)*
F	7	An evil eye.—*Prov. 23, 6.* "Accusations have not only proceeded from his (Sir Richard Bethell's) mouth, but gleamed from those eloquent eyes of his, which have been continually turned on me for the last ten minutes."—*Mr. Gladstone* in the House of Commons, 1857.
S	8	Mine enemy sharpeneth his eyes upon me.—*Job 16, 9.*
S	9	God hath no pleasure in fools.—*Eccl. 5, 4.*
M	10	O God, Thou knowest my foolishness.—*Ps. 69, 5.*
Tu	11	Thou shalt not curse the deaf.—*Lev. 19, 14.* "March 15, 1873. Note, never be in a hurry to abuse a person for stupidity. I blew up an apparently stupid, but really good and willing boy at the hotel, and then learnt that he is deaf. I must make it up with him. But remember, however."—*Diary of Shirley Brooks, Editor of Punch.*
W	12	Mine ears hast Thou opened.—*Ps. 40, 6.*
Th	13	Then opened He their mind.—*Luke 24, 45 (R.V.)*
F	14	Thou gavest also Thy good Spirit to instruct them.—*Neh. 9, 20.*
S	15	As He was wont, He taught them again.—*Mark 10, 1.*
S	16	Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord.
M	17	Judge, I pray you, betwixt Me and My Vineyard.—*Is. 5, 3.*
Tu	18	O house of Israel, are not My ways equal?—*Ezek. 18, 29.*
W	19	Are not your ways unequal?
Th	20	Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.—*Luke 19, 22.*
F	21	What could have been done more to My Vineyard, that I have not done in it?—*Is. 5, 4.* Sir G. Jessel, Master of the Rolls, once tried to cut Sir Farrer Herschell short in an argument. Herschell retorted that important as it was that people should get justice, it was even more important that they should be made to see and feel that they were getting it.—*Atlay's Victorian Chancellors.*
S	22	The Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son.—*John 5, 22.*
S	23	Let us not be vainglorious.—*Gal. 5, 26 (R.V.)*
M	24	Let me know how frail I am.—*Ps. 39, 4.*
Tu	25	Surely every man walketh in a vain shew.
W	26	Man abideth not in honour.—*Ps. 49, 12 (R.V.)* "Landor's bust which fetched £25 at Charles Dickens' sale I bought thirty years later for 4s 6d. It arrived at my house in a wheelbarrow."—*Mr. G. S. Layard.*
Th	27	The land of forgetfulness.—*Ps. 88, 12.*
F	28	The memory of the dead is forgotten.—*Eccl. 9, 5.*
S	29	Their very memorial is perished.—*Ps. 9, 6 (R.V.)*
S	30	They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.—*Ps. 92, 14.*
M	31	Jehoram departed without being desired.—*2 Chron. 21, 20.* John Carstares the Covenanter used to pray: "O that we may never outlive our integrity or die undesired."

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XXI. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 9.

The Little Postman.

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The Little Postman.

THIS is little Roderick in his light-blue linen dress—you can colour the picture yourselves some day during the week—and with his yellow, or what poets and mothers call his golden, hair. It is his five-hundredth day, and like all the 499 that have gone before, it is a great day. This is the first time he has carried in the letters, and he is very proud and happy, and full of wonder. And the postman who gave them to him at the door got such a smile from him as will sweeten all his day too.

His first letters! When will he get his last? And how many will he get before that last one comes? Where will they all come from? and where will they find him? How many will he write? to whom? and about what? How many will he get that shall grieve him? how many will he write that shall grieve others? And which of them all will be *the* letter of his life?

And how many will be written about him? Scores have been written already, and all of them kindly, but it will not be so always.

Perhaps he may live to see the day when letter-writing shall have become a lost, because a needless, art. Within a hundred years, perhaps, a mother sitting by her open window, in any village in our land, with her ear to a little tube fixed to the sill, may hear her sailor boy repeat his Sabbath evening psalm from the bridge of a mighty ship rounding Cape Horn with level keel in a mid-winter hurricane; or a good old father may summon, at any hour, his sons and daughters from every corner of the earth, from north, south, east, west, to join in family worship! Perhaps little Roderick may live to see all these and greater things; perhaps, by God's grace, he may help to bring these things about. And who can tell but that the next letter he may get may be a message from God Himself, to come forthwith to that Happy Land, and that Brighter Home, where neither space nor time can interrupt our fellowship?

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 89.)

What is thy Name? Violet.

If ever there was a Scottish "Mother in Israel," "addicted to the ministry"—if the phrase may be so used—it was surely VIOLET ADAMSON, who had a husband, and four sons, and all her sons-in-law, ministers of the Gospel. Her husband, Mr. Andrew Simson, who died minister of Dunbar, was master of the Grammar Schools, first of Dundee, then of Perth. His pupils in the latter city, 300 in number, having hissed a friar who was preaching against Luther, and the magistrates having insisted on an inquiry, it was found out that the disturbance

What is thy name?

Violet.

arose from the reading by a craftsman's son to his schoolfellows of one of Sir David Lindsay's books. The boy being called out for punishment, denied that the book was heretical and asked his master to read it for himself, offering to submit to punishment if the book proved to be what the friar said it was. Mr. Simson agreed, read the book, and from that hour took the side of the Reformers. When he was dying, as his son Patrick remembered when he too came to die, he quoted the text, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." And that was "a great memory," as an old chronicler says.

Patrick Simson died in his 63rd year, in 1618, minister of Stirling. He was a man of great learning, great courage, great modesty, and great piety. Having, to quote the old chronicler again, "the commodity and liberty of a bibliotheck," or, as we should say, the run of a good library, he attained to a great perfection of the Greek language, wherein he did greatly delight, reading Plato, Xenophon, Thucydides, Homer, Demosthenes, Socrates, Josephus. Being asked why he applied his mind to Ethnic (that is, non-Christian or worldly) writers, he answered that he got the benefit of the language by them, not only the pure Greek, but the Ionic, Doric, Attic; and as the Israelites borrowed jewels of Egypt, whilk they dedicated to the Tabernacle, so whatsomever golden or precious sentences he read among those, he consecrated them to the worship of God. Similarly in the Preface to one of his books he says: "Take in good part the goats' hair and the rams' skins which I present to cover the Tabernacle of our God. I refer the ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones for beautifying the inner parts of the Tabernacle, to others upon whom God hath vouchsafed greater gifts. The house of God is large and ample; and as it hath need of bright-shining torches for the halls, parlours, and chambers; so it hath need of smaller lights for cellars. If my farthing candle give light in the lowest cellar of the house of God, my heart is fully content. Farewell. Thine in the Lord." Here is another instance of his humility. At a time when some ministers were falling away from Presbyterianism to Episcopacy in King James' time, a gentlewoman said to him, "Sir, what shall we say if news comes hereafter that Mr. Patrick Simson is become a bishop?" He paused a little and then answered, "Lady, I am as weak and sinful a man, and as much given to the world, as any other, and dare not say but that I may be as easily drawn away to any evil course; but, when that comes, say that I confessed I had fallen from Christ and from His truth in that point." And now for his courage. Some days after the murder of the Earl of Moray, preaching before the King on Genesis 4., 9, he said to the King, before the congregation, "Sir, I assure you in God's name the Lord will ask at you, 'Where is the Earl of Moray, your brother.'" To which the King replied, "Mr Patrick, my chamber door was never steeked upon you; ye might have told me anything ye thought in secret." He replied, "Sir, the scandal is public." After the sermon, being sent for to the Castle, he went up with his Bible "under his ockster," affirming that would plead for him.

Now for a story about another of this woman's sons, Alexander,

What is thy name? Violet.

minister of Dryburgh. Being put in prison in Dumbarton Castle for his faithful preaching of the Word, he was the means of the conversion of Lady Stewart, wife of the captain of the castle. After he was set free, having fallen one day, he was found sitting with his broken leg in his arm, and crying out, "Blessed be the Lord, blessed be His Name, it is a blessing that I brake not my neck."

And lastly, that this "Violet of our native land" may spring afresh from the ashes of her children, here is a description by John Livingstone of her granddaughter's husband, Mr. John Gillespie of Kirkcaldy. "He was a thundering preacher: when I was at school at Stirling I heard him preach, when there was a fast that lasted a whole week, and two sermons every day."

"Tell us How to be Happy."

IN some of the chief cities of the United States of America the schools are kept open in the forenoon during the summer holidays for the children of the slums. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, who died in 1902 at the age of forty-seven, Foundress and Principal of a College for Women and wife of Professor Palmer of Harvard, has given in one of her letters an account of a touching experience she had in connexion with one of these schools in Boston.

"What shall I talk to you about this morning, girls?" she asked them one day.

"Tell us how to be happy," said a child with a great fat baby on her knee.

When the child said this, says Mrs. Palmer, "the tears rushed to my eyes and a lump came in my throat. Happy in such surroundings as those in which she lived!"

"'Well, after a little I said, I will give you my three rules for being happy; but mind, you must all promise to keep them for a week, and not skip a single day, for they won't work if you skip a single day.' So they all faithfully and solemnly promised that they wouldn't skip a single day.

'The first rule is: *That you will commit something to memory every day, something good.* It needn't be much, three or four words will do, just a pretty bit of a poem, or a Bible verse. Do you understand?' I was so afraid they wouldn't, but one little girl jumped up and cried, 'I know: you want us to learn something we'd be glad enough to remember if we went blind.'

'That's it exactly,' I said, 'something you would like to remember if you went blind.' And they all promised that they would and not skip a single day.

'The second rule is: *Look for something pretty every day*, and don't skip a day or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, a cloud—you can all find something. Isn't there a park near here somewhere that you can all walk to?' (Yes, there was one.) 'And stop long enough before the pretty thing that you have spied to say, Isn't it beautiful? Drink in every little bit of it and see the loveliness all through. Can you do it?' They promised, to a girl.

'My third rule is—now, mind,

don't skip a day—*Do something for somebody every day.*'

'Oh, that's easy!' they said, though I thought it would be the hardest thing of all. Just think, that is what those children said, 'Oh, that's easy! we have to tend babies and run errands every day, and isn't that doing something for somebody?'

'Yes,' I answered them, 'it is.'

"At the end of the week, I was going along a very narrow street, when suddenly I was literally grabbed by the arm, and a little voice said, 'I done it.'

'Did what?' I exclaimed, looking down and seeing a tiny girl with a fat baby asleep in her arms.

'What you told us to, and I never skipped a day neither.'

'Let's talk about it,' I said.

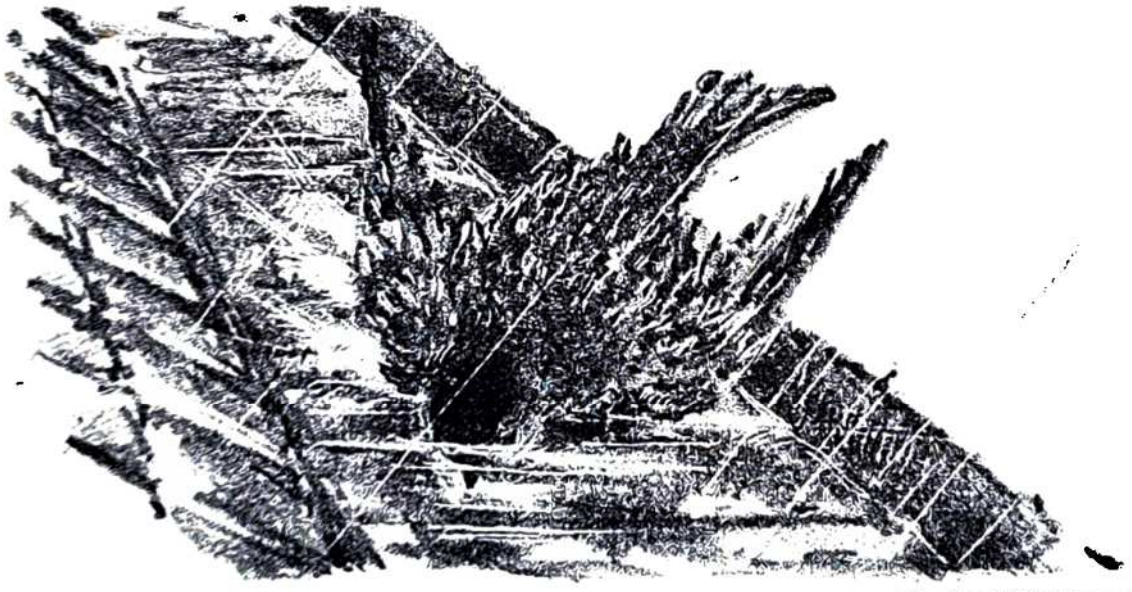
'Well,' she said, 'I never skipped a day, but it was awful hard. It was all right when I could go to the park, but one day it rained and rained, and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out, and I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standing at the window, almost crying, and I saw'—here her little face brightened up—'I saw a sparrow taking a bath in the gutter that goes round the top of the house, and he had on a black neck tie, and he was handsome.' It was the first time I had heard an English sparrow called handsome, but I tell you it wasn't laughable a bit.

'And then, there was another day,' she went on, 'and I thought I should have to skip it sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house. The baby was sick, and I couldn't go out, and I was feeling terrible, when'—here she caught me by both hands, and the most radiant look came to her face—'I saw the baby's hair!'

'Saw the baby's hair,' I echoed.

'Yes, a little bit of sun came in the window, and I saw his hair, and I'll never be lonesome any more.' And catching up the baby from the side walk, she said, 'See!' and I too saw the baby's hair. 'Isn't it beautiful?' she asked.

'Yes, it is beautiful,' I answered. You have heard of artists raving



over Titian hair? Yes, it was truly beautiful.

'Now, shall we go on,' I said, taking the heavy baby from her."

"Thy Brother's Blood."

BY THE

REV. DAVID PURVES, D.D., Belfast.

I HAD the opportunity the other day of visiting a most interesting Roman Camp which has been excavated by the Society of Classic Archæology in connection with the University of Manchester. It is at Ribchester, a few miles from the town of Blackburn. The drive through the Ribble Valley is an unexpected piece of lovely scenery in the midst of what many people wrongly suppose to be the black country, but which is really a beautiful district of Lancashire. The site of the excavations is the garden of the Rectory of Ribchester, and close by is a fine old church, some stones and pillars in which are very old, and the source from which they have been taken has probably now been discovered.

Some time ago the Society received permission to go beneath the ground of the Rectory garden, which has become a curious sight. They quickly found the ruins of the praetorium of a Roman Camp, and further exploration has led to the discovery of the entire encampment. The party of which I formed one had the advantage of hearing a short lecture on the remains by Professor Conway of Manchester. There can be no doubt of the importance of the discovery, and the probable date of the encampment has come to light in a remarkable way. Prof. Conway held in his hand a most interesting Inscription, pieced together from four bits of stone dug up in the course of the excavations.

In successive lines there are the letters

A U G
A U G
G A

but the most interesting fact is that the letters **G A** in that third line have been partially erased. What then are the conclusions drawn from that Inscription? That the encampment dates from the period between 198 and 211 A D. The reigning emperor at that time was Lucius Septimius Severus, who had acceded to the throne in this way. He was the Governor of Upper Pannonia, in the Danube Province, and, having summoned his troops to avenge the murder of Pertinax who had succeeded to the throne after Commodus had been assassinated, he crossed the Austrian Alps and descended on Italy. When he appeared with his legions at the gates of Rome and demanded the punishment of the murderers of Pertinax, Didius Julianus, the nominal emperor, was deposed and murdered, and Severus entered Rome and marched as Emperor to the Capitol at the head of his legions. He then proceeded to assert his authority in the East, and towards the close of the century conferred on his eldest son the title Imperator Destinatus, and raised his youngest son Geta to the title of Caesar. Severus was an administrator of great ability, but not much of a soldier, yet he saw that the empire depended on the army, and took various means for raising the position of the legions. He then carried out a frontier policy in Britain and Germany. He married a Syrian wife who is known in history as Julia Domna. Her two sons were Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, better known as Caracalla, a nickname which was given him because of a cloak he wore, and his younger brother Lucius Septimius Geta, both brothers being young men of vicious character and dissolute life. The brothers hated one another from childhood, and their father thought to unite them by entrusting to them a campaign in Britain against the Caledonian intruders from the north. While this campaign was being carried on, Severus died in York in 211 A.D. In dying he entreated his sons to be at peace with one another, and they returned to Rome and buried their father's ashes in the mausoleum of the Antonine house. Severus

was deified of course, and then the struggle began. Julia Domna could not reconcile her sons to one another, and the result was that Caracalla caused his brother to be murdered in his mother's arms.

One of the most remarkable monuments in Rome is the triumphal arch of Severus. It stands at the entrance to the Forum, and was erected to commemorate his victories in the East. On the upper part of the arch is an inscription in honour of the Emperor and his two sons, Caracalla and Geta. The name of Geta was however erased by Caracalla, after he had murdered him, but the marks of the erasure are still traceable, so that Caracalla's attempt to blot out the traces of his foul deed were as unsuccessful as such attempts ever are.* And now, in the twentieth century, dug out of a minister's garden in the north of England, comes additional evidence of the attempt of the royal murderer to erase traces of his

* Seven words referring to Geta were removed, as has been found out by examining the holes left by the bronze letters. In their stead were put the words **OPTIMIS FORTISSIMISQUE PRINCIPIBUS**, "Most Good and Mighty Princes," referring to Severus and Caracalla whose names immediately preceded Geta's.

deed. The similarity of the attempted erasure on the arch of Rome and on the inscription at Ribchester leads Prof. Conway and his colleagues to conclude that

AUG - AUG - G A

indicate Severus and his son Caracalla, both designated Augustus, and Geta the murdered brother. Caracalla wrote the story of his own deed with his own hands on these stones which to this day, eighteen centuries after the event, still cry out against him. "And the Lord said unto Cain, where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? And He said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." What an illustration of these old words is furnished by that discovery in the north of England just the other day!

It is striking in what a variety of ways, lest we forget, the Bible emphasises the deadly sin of brotherly hatred. The root of it is almost always envy, envying and grieving at the good of our brother. Cain was envious because his brother Abel had offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than he. Caracalla was envious of Geta because he was more popular than he. His own tyrannical violence had made him unpopular, and in those days when Emperors could be got rid of so easily, he saw in Geta—brother though he was—only a rival to be got rid of. To what depths of cruelty and deceit will jealousy lead a man! The crime of Caracalla is one of the most dastardly on the page of history. He compassed his end by deceit of the most heartless description. He professed to his mother that he wished to be reconciled to his brother. Julia Domna invited them both to her presence to settle their quarrel, and it was in that room that the assassins did their work. Whatever may have been the faults of Julia and Severus they both desired to see their sons at one with each other. The father desired it so much that he thought he would accomplish his end by sending them on the same expedition, and that they would forget their mutual grievances in the common work in which they were engaged, and, when on his deathbed at York, he besought them with his last breath to come to terms. But no. The one brother was bent on having his brother's blood, and when he had tasted it he had a tiger's thirst for more. It is said that, in the reign of terror that followed, 50,000 of Geta's adherents perished, and among them was his own exiled wife. The tutor of the young princes was doomed to die because he had used his influence on the side of peace, and was only saved by his personal popularity with one of the cohorts of Caracalla. The tragic end of all was that Caracalla himself perished at the hands of an assassin during his Parthian campaign in A.D. 215.

Nearly everything that the Bible says of envy, hatred, and murder, is illustrated in this history. Caracalla died the death which he might have avoided if he had listened to his father's dying appeal. Many a

man knows to his cost what it is to disregard such a message. It is, by contrast, one of the beautiful pictures of Bible history that Esau and Jacob finally made up their differences at their father's grave. Do you wonder at the strong words spoken by Jesus about being angry with a brother? Such an one is in danger of the Judgment, and the Judgment comes in kind. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Therefore, "let brotherly love continue." "Love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave."

With still greater emphasis does this story of the two Imperial brothers drive home the awful fact that you cannot erase the record of sin.

"Whence is that knocking?"
How is't with me when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

And Macbeth was only one of those who must be their own witnesses against themselves, like Caracalla. The twentieth century has brought to light the stone from which he sought to erase the record of his deed in his brother's name, and though that stone has been hidden in darkness for centuries God has brought to light the hidden things of darkness once more, as He is always doing. You cannot erase the memory of the past. God requireth that which is past. The bringing of that Inscription to light is a suggestion of what shall take place when the Judgment is set and the Books shall be opened. Then we shall be face to face with every lie we have told, with every slander we have set going, or helped to go, with every act of fraud we have done, with the blood we have shed knowingly or unknowingly — for there are other ways in which we slay our dearest than with the dagger. Every victim of overwork, every tired son or daughter of our race who has dropped into a weary grave because the heel of oppression, or the tongue of the tyrant, or the blow of the drunkard, has crushed them to death at last, must confront the guilty in the day when the secrets of the Lord our God shall be revealed. He sometimes keeps these secrets long, but He keeps them, and they shall be revealed at last. And there is one tablet from which the name of Geta shall never be erased, and that is the memory of Caracalla. The two most solemn words in the New Testament are: "Son, remember!" Many a time we have heard them spoken by a loving father on earth when we were setting out in life, or going on some doubtful errand. Many a time we may have laughed at them, as the well-meant but obsolete remonstrances of a good man out of date. But they will come back to us, and if anything will make a hell for a man after death it will be to hear them ringing in his ears, as Jesus depicts them ringing in the ears of Dives, to all eternity.

Reasons for not going to Church. 10th Series.—No. 9.

This Lady and Gentleman did not go to church in the forenoon because they were somewhat tired by their visit on the Saturday to the Edinburgh Exhibition. They meant, however, to go in the evening, and indeed were more than half way, when he found out that the only coins in his pocket were the five shillings he had got in change for a pound when paying for dinner the previous day. "In these dull times," he said, as he threw away the stump of a ninepenny cigar, "one can't be too careful;" and as a shilling each would have been too much to put in "the plate," they took a stroll in the Park and returned home.

Tu	1	God gave us fruitful seasons.—*Acts 14, 17.*
W	2	Much food is in the tillage (tilled land) of the poor.—*Prov. 13, 23.*
Th	3	The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing :
F	4	But the soul of the diligent shall be made fat. *Ver. 4.*
S	5	Jesus saith, Gather up the broken pieces.—*John 6. 12 (R.V.).* "At the foot of Mt. Ampang every inch of the ground was cultivated. Even spaces not more than a square foot in area, where a little soil had been collected, had been planted with millet."—*Lieut. Boyd Alexander's From the Niger to the Nile.*
S	6	God setteth the solitary in families.—*Ps. 68, 6.*
M	7	A prudent wife is from the Lord.—*Prov. 19, 14.*
Tu	8	Jesus was bidden to the marriage.—*John. 2, 2 (R.V.).*
W	9	Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers.—*2 Cor. 6, 14 (R.V.).*
Th	10	The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair.—*Gen. 6, 2.* "It may be safely stated that the decisive marriages of the world have had more influence on its fortunes than the 'Decisive Battles.'"—*Sir Spencer Walpole's Studies in Biography.*
F	11	For the daughter of Ahab was his wife : and he did evil.—*2 Kings 8, 18.*
S	12	Even Solomon did outlandish women cause to sin.—*Nehem. 13, 26.*
S	13	I have given you an example.—*John 13, 15.*
M	14	Be thou an example to them that believe.—*1 Tim. 4, 12 (R.V.).*
Tu	15	Ye became imitators of us, and of the Lord.—*1 Tim. 1, 6 (R.V.).*
W	16	True yokefellow.—*Phil. 4, 3.* "Miss Lea's father used to say a farmer never ought to say 'Go'; if he did, the work was sure to be neglected : a farmer should always say 'Come, lads,' and then the work would be done.'"—*A. J. C. Hare's Story of My Life.*
Th	17	Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations.
F	18	And I appoint unto you a Kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me;
S	19	That ye may eat and drink at My table in My Kingdom.—*Luke 22, 28.*
S	20	Look not on his countenance, for the Lord seeth not as man seeth;
M	21	For man looketh on the outward appearance,
Tu	22	But the Lord looketh on the heart.—*1 Sam. 16, 7.*
W	23	She decked herself, and forgot Me, saith the Lord.—*Hos. 2, 13.*
Th	24	In vain shalt thou make thyself fair.—*Jer. 4, 30.* "The only things which were in demand equally through all the peoples we came across were looking-glasses, a fact which spoke plainly of the one weakness that is universal with mankind."—*Lieut. Boyd Alexander.*
F	25	He made the laver of the mirrors of the serving women.—*Ex. 38, 8.*
S	26	We shall all be changed.—*1 Cor. 15, 51.*
S	27	I would have you wise unto that which is good.—*Rom. 16, 19.*
M	28	In Christ are all the treasures of knowledge hidden.—*Col. 2, 3 (R.V.).*
Tu	29	Seek wisdom as silver.—*Prov. 2, 4.* The late Mr. Adam, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, "would get up during his holidays when he was a boy at 5.30, breakfast off porridge and milk (and nothing else), go off to the heather with his books, and come back at 12 for a dinner of cabbage or kail or milk broth."—*From the Memoir by his Wife.*
W	30	Lord, Thy pound hath made ten pounds more.—*Luke 19, 16.*

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The Morning Watch.

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"Granny can beat us all!"

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I stretch forth my hands unto Thee.—Psalm 143, 6.

In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion.—Psalm 71, 1.

THERE is a story told of a Scotch Laird who lived four generations ago. As he left a nobleman's house one night, the servants, who lined the hall according to the fashion of those days, to receive their "veils" or gifts of money from the departing guests, were observed to smile as he put his hand in theirs. On being asked what he had done to put them all in such good humour, he said, "Oh, I just tickled their loofs!"

Of a London wit in similar circumstances it is said that, having provided himself with a number of new farthings, he solemnly placed one in the palm of each of the expectant throng. One of them, in his astonishment at receiving what seemed to be a whole gold guinea, said, "That is far too much, sir!"

"I never give less," was the wit's reply.

Ninety years ago the little kingdom of Saxe-Gotha in Germany had for its prince Duke Emil Leopold August. He was a kindly, witty man, and a lover of music, but at times eccentric in his ways. Once, for example, at some high function he approached each member of the assembly in turn, as if he had to make an important communication. As he passed every one looked perplexed. When he left each asked his neighbour, "What did the Duke say to you?"

"Oh, he said to me in a subdued tone and with a knowing smile 'Ein, Zwei, Drei.'" (That is, one, two, three).

"And what did he say to you?"

"He whispered in my ear, with the greatest condescension, 'Vier, Fünf, Sechs'"—(four, five, six).

"And what to you?" they asked a third.

"Oh, he made this announcement, 'Sieben, Acht, Neun'!"—(seven, eight, nine).

And thus, continuing counting, the Duke had made the round of the whole court circle. So Sir Julius Benedict tells the story in his *Life of Weber*.

Not so does God dismiss us from His Presence. "I will hear what God the Lord will say, for He will speak peace unto His people." "What man is there of you, who, if his son shall ask him for a loaf will give him a stone? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?"

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 100.)

What is thy name?

Violet.

Miss Violet Lockhart, sister of John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, was known from the beauty of her tiny face and figure as *The Pocket Venus*. She was one of the three ladies in whose presence Sir Walter Scott was stricken with apoplexy on the 15th February, 1830. She died in 1849.

Virginia

Virginia, eldest sister of Galileo, the astronomer (1564-1642), was married in 1591 to Benedetto Landucci, son of the Tuscan ambassador at Rome. Writing to his father at the close of 1590, Galileo says: "I am preparing for Virginia a set of silk bed curtains, the silk for which I bought at Lucca, and have had it woven at little cost, so that, although the stuff is 1¼ yards wide it only cost me about 3 carlini (that is, about tenpence) the yard. The stuff is made with a selvedge and is sure to please. I am now having the silk fringes made for ornamenting the curtains. I could also have the bedstead made if desired. I beg of you not to speak of this in the house as I wish it to be a surprise. I shall bring them at the Carnival holidays, and if you wish I could also bring enough to make 4 or 5 vests of damask and velvet of an exquisite design." Galileo, though poor, bound himself further to provide her dowry. One would have thought that the bride who provided such a brother-in-law for her husband brought him something much better than gold and silver, but Landucci was determined to have all that was nominated in the bond, and even held out the threat of prison to the man whom God was calling to roam at large amongst unseen stars and undreamt of worlds of worlds.

In 1587 Sir Walter Raleigh made his last attempt to colonise the territory on the other side of the Atlantic which Queen Elizabeth had named Virginia. He sent out three ships under a Captain John White, with 150 souls, of whom 17 were women. One of these was the captain's own daughter, a Mrs. Dare, and it was her daughter, Virginia Dare, that was the first child born in America of English parents. Twenty years afterwards, when a new expedition arrived, only seven of the 150 were found alive, four men, two boys, and this one maid. Prof. Walter Raleigh thinks it possible that Shakespeare may have had her in his mind when he was writing about Miranda in *The Tempest*.

Captain Ralston.

Captain John Ralston, one of my people, who died in Greenock on the 7th of last month, in the 72nd year of his age, was one to whom, in connection with *The Morning Watch*, I have been many times very much indebted. Many a good story he told me, and many a thing concerning ships and sea-faring men he made plain to me. Lord Macaulay, the historian, says somewhere that the Glasgow East India merchants wrote the best

letters he ever read. There were no telegraphs in those days, and 12, 14, 16 months might pass before the answer to a letter could be received. A merchant knew therefore that his words must be well chosen; every difficulty had to be foreseen, and no room left for doubt. One word too many or too few, or the use of a wrong or ambiguous one, might mean much loss, might mean nothing short of ruin.

I have often noticed the same gift in master mariners. The man who has charge of a ship—and how much that means!—learns to weigh his words, for words at sea mean life and death. When Captain Ralston dictated anything to me, I felt it would be foolish to alter a single word. Sometimes after I had written a sentence he would say, "No, score that out, put it this way." Then he would halt a moment, and the new turn he would give his words was a lesson in the art of composition.

As a shipmaster he was unusually fortunate, though once in his youth he was burnt out of a ship, and more than once was hindered—to his great disappointment at the time—from joining vessels that sailed and were never heard of more. In the very last talk I had with him he spoke to me of God's wonderful mercy to him in this respect.

But he had one experience that, happily, few have ever had.

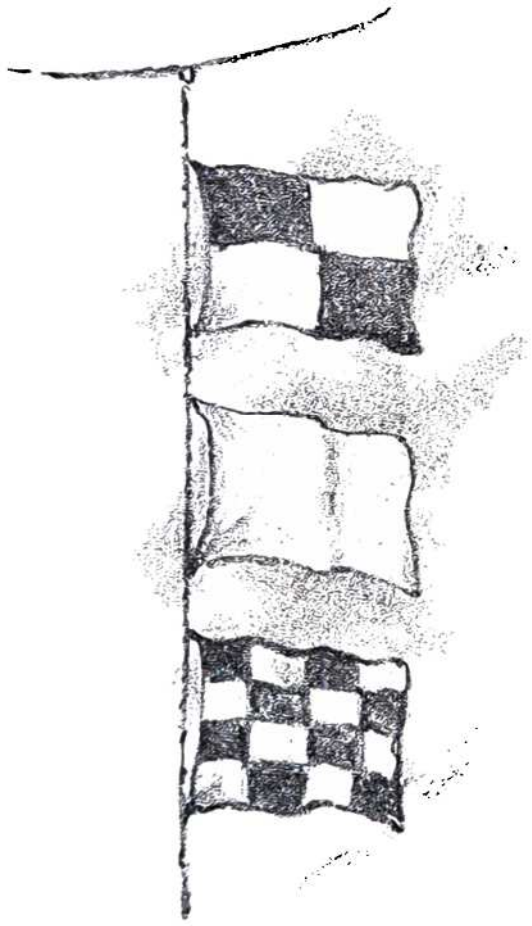
On Wednesday, 19th October, 1887, his ship the *Niobe* was eight days homeward bound from Java. Besides his wife there were on board their eldest son, then on his first voyage, and their youngest, three-and-a-half years old, Peter Carmichael, so named after a much loved minister of our church, and one of my own predecessors here. It was a lovely evening. At six o'clock, the end of the first dog-watch, Captain Ralston was going to "take the sun." The night before, the little boy had been with him on the poop watching him doing the same thing. This evening he was on deck beside his mother, when his father cried out, "Come and see the sun again." There were two ways to the stair that led to the poop from where they stood. The mother went one way, the child the other. She thought he was following her, but the next moment there was a cry. The child was overboard! On his way to the stair he had caught hold of a rope that was hanging from a sail, a puff of wind had come, and the sudden tightening of the rope had jerked him, literally over the head of one of the officers, into the sea. A young man named Lang instantly sprang after him, and there was not a man on board that would not have done the same. The sea was perfectly smooth, and the ship going at the rate of only four or five knots an hour, but the darkness would soon be on—for in those latitudes there is no twilight—and the sea there is infested with sharks. A boat was instantly lowered, but to the men who manned it the Captain gave this command—"Save Lang his life's more precious; the child's all right."

The sailor was saved—the little

child was never seen again. Like another Peter, he had gone to meet his Lord upon the waters.

Lang, who was the nephew of another Captain belonging to our town, died a few years afterwards.

When ships that are bound for some purpose to the same appointed place are parting from each other, this signal is given—U Q N, that is, Proceed to the Rendezvous. And surely there is but one rendezvous where we would like to meet, one haven to be desired—the Right Hand of God.



U Q N: the left hand upper square and the right hand lower one in U should be painted red, the other two squares are white; Q should be all yellow; in N the squares are alternately blue and white.

And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.—Zech. 8, 5.

In one of the staircases of King's College, Cambridge, there is an iron hand-rail, which was placed there to help the Rev. Charles Simeon in his old age up the ascent to his rooms. He was a Fellow of that College for four-and-fifty years, and a very godly man. He died in 1836, but the hand-rail is still called *The Saint's Rest.* We have several similar hand-rails in our town up some of our streets. In one of the steepest of these two old men met the other day. One of them, strange to say, was in a towering rage, though he was coming down the hill.

"I have a good mind," he said, "to take my stick to these children. That rail was meant for elderly people like you and me, and it's all taken up with girls swinging."

"No, no!" said the other, "you mustn't speak of using your stick, or somebody else may give you a swing that you won't care for!"

"Well, I'll speak to the police."

"Don't do anything of the kind. We should be only too glad to see the poor things happy. I wish I had had a swing like that when I was a child, but we weren't as clever at inventing things then as they are now. Let them swing away. It should do us good to see them. I'll tell you a wee joke I had wi' a policeman the other day about that very thing. There were two little girls fastening a rope as high up a lamp-post as they could. The one was standing on the other's shoulders, but they were very little and

In wi' the sickle,
An' let us get through.

Come awa', Kirsty,
Fill your sheaf fu';
Keep up your credit,
Ye're somebody noo.

Ye'll never need, lassie,
To borrow or beg,
Sae lang as ye're able
To keep up your rig.

—*George Webster, 1823—?,*
Schoolmaster, Dunbar.

The late Mr. Ira D. Sankey.

MANY years ago the late Mr. Ira D. Sankey of the "Sacred Songs and Solos" spent two weeks at a house in Fifeshire where I was tutor. May I tell you about his first day's fishing?

A Glasgow lady had given him a rod, the finest that could be had for either love or money, such a rod in fact as "can only be seen in dreams," and he was eager to try it. It was not the weather for fishing, but my pupil, a fisher from his childhood, agreed to give him a lesson, and the three of us accordingly sallied forth one forenoon to have a cast or two in the river Eden, a mile or so away. Our road led alongside the Rankeilour burn, and coming presently to a place where the water rippled merrily ere it fell into a pool—a pool in which my pupil and I have stood for hours in old clothes, up to our shoulders, driving in stakes for a canoe-house that we built—Mr. Sankey, whose rod and fly had been fixed up for him, tried a cast of his own motion, and before he had time to know it, had hooked a little beauty of a four-ounce trout! I remember still his look, such a look as Napier in his "History of the Peninsular War" says he saw on the face of Wellington after the battle of Salamanca. "The flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm and even gentle. He seemed to accept his glory as an earnest of greater things." So was it with Mr. Sankey, only I think he was sorry we had brought but one basket in which to carry home the spoil. In a little we came to the field of action proper, my pupil very quiet, myself a little dubious, Mr. Sankey liker Wellington than ever. Then for two hours or so the two fishers thrashed the Eden, exchanging rods, trying all the likely flies, especially—according to the good old rule—"the one they felt sure would not do," but though my pupil caught five or six, his poor guest had never once a single rise. For the rest of the day Mr. Sankey wore a chastened air; and as for the rod, where was its glory now? The word had a new meaning for him; henceforth it was the symbol of correction. And he had to carry it about with him like a dog affecting to be cheerful, wagging its tail, but knowing that the beautiful implement its kind mistress bids it fetch and carry is—a whip!

There were other presents Mr. Sankey told me he was always trying to get rid of. People from all quarters sent him books, many of them worth reading, perhaps, but not worth keeping. What to do with them became in time a trying question. If he stored them, there was storeage to pay; if he took them with him, there were excess-luggage dues to meet; if he left them behind him in his rooms, they were sent after him by next train! "So what I do now is this," he said: "when I wish to leave a book behind me, I write on the fly-leaf—'DON'T WANT THIS BOOK, Ira D. Sankey.'"

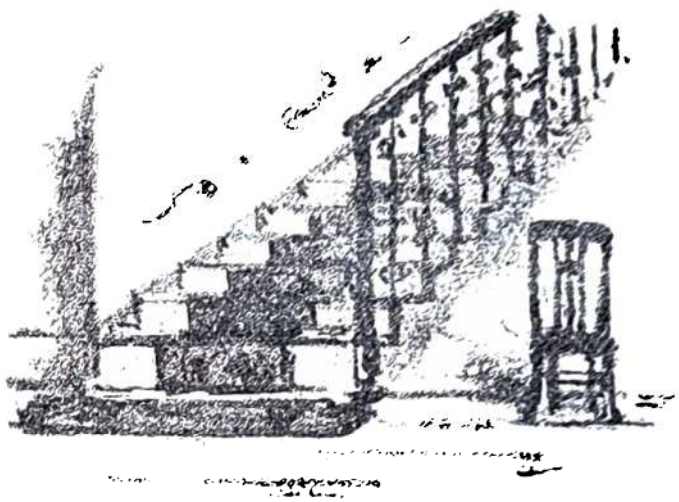
Mr. Sankey's father I liked even better than I liked the son. He was a very delightful old gentleman,

one who walked humbly with God. To him I gave a lesson in cricket one day. I can still hear him saying with his strong American accent—"Now tell me haow I am to hold the paddle," for so he named the bat!

And there was Master Eddy Sankey too, about five years old or so. Him I associate in memory chiefly with a huge rocking-chair, made of iron, like the bedstead of Og, the king of Bashan. It stood in the dining-room, and having somehow been set in motion, one of the pointed brass knobs that adorned its back struck the little laddie on the head as he came in to breakfast.

"Isn't he a darling little fellow?" said the lady of the house as he left the room in charge of a young lady to get his wound dressed, "he never cried or said a word." But half-an-hour after she was inclined to draw back her words, for the little darling, discovering that his face was bleeding, had kept dipping his finger in the blood, and had drawn a brilliant red mark on the painted wall all the way to his room upstairs! Why is it that boys love to make ugly marks on pretty things?

Some of Mr. Sankey's "Sacred Songs and Solos" are very beautiful,



and there is a time and a place for them, and for other hymns, just as there is for what we call secular songs. We can't know too many songs, but make sure that you know the Psalms best, and give them the chief place in your mind and heart. For the Psalms never become threadbare, they never go out of date, and they reach, as nothing else does or ever will do, the deepest depths and highest heights. Men like David and Jonah wrote them and sang them "out of the very belly of hell;" Christ sang them as He went out to Gethsemane, and used them on the cross, and died with one of them in His mouth. "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, He said, Father, *into Thy hands I commend My spirit:* and having said this, He gave up the ghost."

Reasons for not going to Church. 10th Series.—No. 10.

This Boy, who is on a visit to his invalid Uncle in the country, is one of the Baden Powell Scouts, and got the highest percentage of marks of any of the boys in his Company at the last three monthly competitions. But he was not at church last Sabbath because he "couldn't find it." So keen is he on scouting, however, and so determined not to be beat, that he rose on Monday

at half-past six, put on his uniform, climbed a haystack, and, marvellous to say I discovered the church, to use his own words at the breakfast table, "in a jiffy." I need hardly say that neither this boy nor his parents are church-goers at any time.

TH	1	Increasing in the knowledge of God.—*Col. 1, 10.*
F	2	Let us press on unto perfection.—*Heb. 6, 1.*
S	3	They go from strength to strength.—*Ps. 84, 7.* "An explorer never cares to come back upon his tracks.—*Lieut. Boyd Alexander: From the Niger to the Nile.*
S	4	Blessed be the Lord, Who daily beareth our burden.
M	5	God is unto us a God of deliverances.—*Ps. 68, 19 (R. V.)*
TU	6	We have an High Priest That hath been in all points tempted like as we are.—*Heb. 4, 15 (R. V.)*
W	7	They compelled Simon to bear His cross.—*Matt. 27, 32.*
TH	8	We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.—*Rom. 15, 1.*
F	9	Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to undo the heavy burdens.—*Is. 58, 6.* "It is a not uncommon sight to see at the end of an eight hours' trek the more experienced hands run on to the halting place to dump down their loads and run back to take the burden from the way-worn stragglers."—*Lieut. Boyd Alexander.*
S	10	Mine iniquities are too heavy for me.—*Ps. 38, 4.*
S	11	Thou shalt open thine hand wide to thy poor and to thy needy.—*Deut. 15, 11.*
M	12	Love your enemies, do them good, and lend, never despairing.—*Luke 6, 35 (R. V.)*
TU	13	The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.—*Ps. 37, 21.* The late Miss Beale, Principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, quoted this and the next 4 texts in her diary in 1858 to quicken her conscience in answering the question, "Have I been always careful to return anything borrowed?"
W	14	The spoil of the poor is in your houses.—*Is. 3, 14.*
TH	15	God shall rebuke them. This is the lot of them that rob us.—*Is. 17, 13.*
F	16	I will be a swift witness against them that turn aside the stranger from his right.—*Mal. 3, 5.*
S	17	Say not, Go, and come again; when thou hast it by thee.—*Prov. 3, 28.*
S	18	Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?—*Job. 14, 10.*
M	19	The eye of him that seeth me shall behold me no more.
TU	20	He shall return no more to his house,
W	21	Neither shall his place know him any more.—*Job. 7, 8 (R. V.)*
TH	22	In the day that he became a stranger.—*Obad. 12.* When Sir W. Sterndale Bennett was buried in 1875, the hearse rested, on its way from his house to Westminster Abbey, for a few silent moments at the door of the Royal Academy of Music, where he had been Professor and Principal for many years.
F	23	The grave whither thou goest.—*Eccl. 9, 10.*
S	24	And the spirit shall return unto God Who gave it.—*Eccl. 12, 7.*
S	25	O Lord, Thou preservest man and beast.—*Ps. 36, 6.*
M	26	He shall give His angels charge over thee.—*Ps. 91, 11.*
TU	27	Horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—*2 Kings, 6, 17.*
W	28	The ass saw the angel.—*Num. 22, 23.* "Mr. Holyoake was run over by a London omnibus. The horses, with singular sagacity, picked their way round him without hurting him. When he got up he took their number and address, asked when they would be 'at home,' and arrived at the appointed hour with a bag of oats as their reward.—*Life of James Annand, M. P.*
TH	29	The whole congregation was 42,360. Their horses were 736.—*Neh. 7, 68.*
F	30	There shall be upon the bells of the horses, HOLY UNTO THE LORD.—*Zech. 14, 20 (R. V.)*
S	31	Praise the Lord, beasts and all cattle.—*Ps. 148, 10.*

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November, 1908. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXI. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 11.

The Strenuous Life.

"Wanting out to play, were ye? Wanting out to play! Your playing days are past, my lassie. Ye're seven year auld."

The MORNING WATCH Volume for 1908 will be ready on the 1st December. Price, One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., and XX., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

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And the Lord said, Whereunto shall I liken the men of this generation? and to what are they like? They are like unto children sitting in the market place, and calling one to another and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced, we have mourned to you and ye have not wept.—Luke 7, 31.

If we were asked how many kinds of children there are at any given time in any town, and were bidden tell what they are doing, one might say something like this: Some are in their mothers' arms, and some are learning to walk, some are playing and some are at school, some are singing and shouting and some are crying, some are going errands and some are lying sick, some are being blessed and some are being tempted, there are some whose mothers are showing them with full hearts to loving friends and some whose parents don't know where they are, some are at the point of death and some are lying in their little coffins, and some are in the grave. And if one wished to preach about any one of these, there are texts ready to his hand in the Four Gospels in the story of our Lord's life on earth. Children were very dear to Him, because He was their God, and He came to be their Saviour. For His sake, when He was a little babe Himself, other little babes had been put to death, and the memory of that was one of the cords of love that bound Him then and bind Him still to all little ones and to their mothers.

When people read the verse about children sitting in the market place they sometimes think that that was a thing our Lord had noticed, as we say, only incidentally. I think, on the contrary, we may be sure that He watched children habitually, and loved to watch them at their games. In their play He saw many wondrous tokens of the working of the good Spirit of God. It is the Holy Ghost who teaches boys and girls the games that suit their age and sex and the different seasons of the year. It is in games that children learn to use their eyes and hands and limbs and minds. In games they learn courtesy and self-restraint, and the grace of ungrudging admiration for others who are better than themselves. The essence of every game consists, as we may see if we but think it out, in this, that we try to overcome by skill a difficulty which we ourselves have made, and one that can be passed by or evaded if we choose. In overcoming these artificial difficulties we are learning unconsciously how to face and conquer the real and unavoidable ones that later life will bring to us. It is in games, therefore, that we learn above all the priceless value of patience and courage and perseverance and a spirit that will "never say die." Our Lord, we may be

certain, never passed children that were playing without looking at them with love and fear and hope and admiration and prayer.

Our Lord had played Himself when He was a child, most merrily, most wisely, most kindly, and most tenderly. And, above all, we may be sure He played when it was the time to play with all His might! Eager "to get out to play" as they all are, most boys waste at least one half of their play-time in "going to begin," and in trifling and quarrelling when they have begun. To the boy who wants to play this waste of time is a constant irritation, to a grown-up looker on it becomes almost maddening. It certainly vexed and grieved our Lord. He was sorry for them, not because they played, *but because they didn't play and wouldn't play.* And in this self-will and unkindness, especially in this off-putting and in this refusal to do each moment's work when the moment came, they were only too like the wicked men of that generation, who would do neither one thing nor another, who would neither do John the Baptist's bidding nor accept the Saviour's invitation.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, whether playing or praying, do it with thy might. God has no blessing either for the boy or for the man that *dealeth with a slack hand.*

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 111.)

What is thy name? Wilelmine.

Wilhelmina, elder sister of Frederick the Great (1712-1786), was the third child of Frederick William I. of Prussia, and Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George I. of Great Britain. It was her two baby brothers that were said to have been killed, the one by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over his birth, and the other by the heavy dress and chiefly by the little crown he wore at his baptism. In her childhood she was "a wise little girl, of almost too wise wits." Through life she was "the truest of magnetic needles, but only too sensitive and liable to deflection," "shaky but steadfast." She wrote two volumes of Memoirs of her life, in which, says Carlyle, we can see "a most shrill female soul busy with intense earnestness; a veracious book, done with her heart and from eyesight and insight. The book," he adds, "is full of mistakes, indeed; and exaggerates dreadfully; but is above intending to deceive: deduct the due subtrahend—say, perhaps, twenty-five per cent, or in extreme cases as high as seventy-five—you will get some human image of credible actualities from Wilhelmina." In her early youth she had such trials as we do not usually associate with the lot of kings' daughters. Her father in his passion threw plates at her head, and once struck at her with his crutch, "which, if I had not jerked away from it, would have ended me." He chased her for a while in his wheel-chair, but the people who drew it made it drive heavily, and gave her time to escape into her mother's chamber. On another occasion,

What is thy name? Wilelmine.

because she sided with her brother when he had sentenced him to death for disobedience, her father struck her on the face with his clenched fist again and again, and made to kick her when she fell. The Queen's shrieks and the pitiful cries of the younger children alarmed the very guards, and gathered a crowd under the palace windows. Finally, her father shut her up in her apartments and fed her with bread and water of affliction. But one day as she and her maid sat listening to the tramp of sentries, and looked mournfully at each other, "with nothing but a soup of salt-and-water, and a stew of old bones full of hairs and slopperies," there was a tapping at the window. They started up in surprise, to see what it could be. It was a raven, such as Elijah, not Noah, had to wait on him, carrying in its beak a bit of bread, which it left on the window-sill as it flew away. Other trials common in kings' houses, specially those connected with marriage, she had in abundance. Two, three, some say four, Kings, or Kings to be, all sought her hand, one of them a Prince of Wales, all of them such men as most Kings have been; but she wisely would have none of them. Once, when the King her father commanded the Queen her mother to insist on her daughter's acceptance of one of these proposals, and backed up his threat by quoting the text, *Wives, be obedient to your husbands*, the Queen said, "But there's another text which tells us that when Eliezer of Damascus asked Bethuel's daughter in marriage for young Isaac, Bethuel said, *We will call the damsel and inquire of her mouth. And they called Rebecca, and said unto her, wilt thou go with this man?* Wilhelmina was married at last, however, and not unhappily, to the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, in 1731. The chief sorrows of her married life were those of her wedding-day. For her hair went all wrong, through over-dressing, and hung on her face like a boy's, and her gown of cloth-of-silver, trimmed with gold-lace, with its train twelve yards long, was like to make her sink to the earth! She died in 1758.

WILHELMINE is the name of one of "Old Kaspar's" grandchildren in Southey's poem *After Blenheim*. Her little brother had found a large, smooth, round thing, and when the children asked the old man what it was,

> 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
> 'Who fell in the great victory.'
>
> 'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
> Young Peterkin he cries;
> And little Wilhelmine looks up
> With wonder-waiting eyes;
> 'Now tell us all about the war,
> And what they fought each other for.'
>
> 'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
> 'Who put the French to rout;
> But what they fought each other for
> I could not well make out,
> But everybody said,' quoth he,
> 'That 'twas a famous victory.'

What is thy name?

Wilhelmine.

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be,
After a famous victory.'

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good Prince Eugene;'
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.'

'And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.'
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

At the bottom of George Square Sir Walter Scott pointed out his father's house and the room in which he used to study, "where," he said, "when sometimes I was believed to be hard at work, I was looking out into this walk for a certain blue feather." The wearer of the blue feather was his first love, WILHELMINE BELCHES, daughter of Sir John Stuart, Bart., of Fettercairn, and afterwards wife of Sir William Forbes, Bart., of Pitsligo. She died in 1810, but Sir Walter never forgot her.—*Mrs. Hughes' Diary.*

" I am very sleepy. I think I shall eat three more nuts and one acorn, and go to bed for a month or two."

"Be Vigilant."

—1 Peter 5, 8.

THAT is a picture of you and me! and I shall tell you how.

It is a rough copy of part of one of the illustrations in Mr. F. C. Selous' latest book, *African Notes and Reminiscences*. I wish I could have shown you the other part of it—a lion at the edge of a thicket a few yards off, crouching for its spring, with its fierce yellow eyes gleaming in the darkness.

One morning some years ago, in the country east of Chobi river in South Africa, Mr. Selous came upon most of the skeleton of a man who had been killed and eaten by a lion a few days before. Mr. Selous is well acquaint with the ways both of men and beasts in Africa—all the lions, kings of the forest, whom he has killed, like the kings that Joshua smote, are "thirty-and-one"—and this is what he conjectures must have happened. The man had probably been overtaken by darkness when on his way from one village to another, and he had evidently been sitting or lying by a fire, with his water-bottle beside him, when caught. His spears lay close to his bones, so that he must have been holding them in his hand when he was seized. "None of my Kaffirs," he adds, "would touch them. Apparently it was not etiquette to meddle with the belongings of a dead man."

There is an unseen lion, even our adversary the devil, walking about, seeking whom he may devour. There is one weapon before which he cannot stand, even the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, and we have that weapon in our hands. But what will it avail us if we do not watch and pray?

Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus, Satan hath desired to have us, but do Thou pray for us. Make Thou an hedge about us, and about our house, and about all that we have on every side. Be Thou Thyself unto us a wall of fire.

Mr. Badden

"The Evil Surmiser."

It was the visit of his wife's mother's second-cousin that was the undoing for life of Mr. Badden. He was only four-and twenty at the time, with almost everything to make him happy, for he had a wife and two children and a trade. The second-cousin, after forty years' service under Government, had retired with a pension of a pound a week. A pound was a big sum in those days, and still is to any one who seeks and gets a blessing with it. A whole pound guaranteed for life, and nothing to do but go about like a gentleman! It seemed the height of earthly blessedness, and how to reach that height became from that hour Mr. Badden and his wife's chief end. "It wasn't for themselves," they used to go about whining, but for their children, especially their little girl. "She does not seem strong, and it would be such a burden off our mind if we were sure of a steady income in our old age."

"But we have all got the same burden," their friends and neighbours said, "and you must just do like the rest of us, do your best and hope for the best."

"And cast your burden upon God," said their minister, "if you have a burden that none of us know of. Remember you have the promises to fall back on."

"Oh it's easy to talk about the promises and having faith, but when a body doesn't see what is to come over him—that's the difficulty."

"Quite true," said the minister, "but it is also the very condition of faith, the very thing that makes faith possible. Faith is the evidence of things *not* seen. You are quite willing to trust God's promises provided you are sure of a Government pension; well, I don't know what to call that, but it's not *faith* anyhow; it may be faith in the Government, but it is not faith in God."

CHAPTER II.

It would be a weary story to tell how Mr. and Mrs. Badden got their wish at last—what letters they wrote, and what journeys they made, and how many people they interviewed and annoyed. But they managed it. He gave up his trade, of course, and wore a uniform, and got two new suits a year, and had easier hours and lots of holidays. But his manners did not improve. The people in his department of the Service, knowing that it was they who kept the Government and the country, if not the whole world, going, believed all men to be their debtors, and could scarcely speak civilly, much less kindly, to anybody. They exacted tithes five days a week from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., Saturdays, 10 to 12, and thanked their stars they were not as all other men who only paid them. It was a paltry life he led at best, and he made it paltrier. Each day his mind grew narrower, each day his heart grew stonier. But he earned his pension, as the saying is, and his last day of service came. Most men have some solemn thoughts at such a time. But he closed his desk and turned the key without emotion. He had wandered his forty years in one wilderness only to find himself on the confines of another. For him there was no Land of Promise now. He had sold it for his mess of pottage long ago. And though his mess was bigger than he hoped for, it mattered not. One pound a week, two pounds, three pounds, five pounds, are all the same if God gives no blessing with them.

CHAPTER III.

When he came back to our little town, there were only one or two who had ever heard his name. The rest of us were simply told that the newcomer, who had bought one of the little cottages on the beach, had been a Supervisor or something or other of an unheroic sort; what more, we neither knew nor cared. Having nothing to do he spent a good part of every day on one of the seats along the shore, and there some of us now and again forgathered with him. And oh! but he was full of bitterness. He had an ill word to say about almost every one that passed or came in sight.

"They tell me," he would say, "that that man that's crossing the green won't spend a penny if he can help it. I could have told by his face that he would be a champion for meanness."

"That man," we would reply, "took over his father's debts when he died twelve years ago, and it is only three months since he cleared them off."

"The captain evidently thinks he's on the quarter deck," he would

say as another of our local heroes appeared. "Look at the way he holds his head! He carries as much conceit as would sink a 5,000 tonner.".

"No, it's not conceit that makes him do that. He was the first to sail up one of the rivers in China, and he was struck in the neck by an arrow, and the wound breaks out at times."

"I saw the minister making for the train. He'll be on a short leet for a vacancy, I guess."

"Well, it will be a wonder if he is, for he has refused four calls that we know of."

"The stipend would be less than he has here."

"No, bigger, in every case."

"You'll not make me believe that. I know them too well. But here is another of your religious people; it's the term day and he'll be on his way to screw the last penny out of some poor widow."

"It won't be like him then, for I know two widows that he called on yesterday to offer help to if they hadn't enough to pay their rents."

"I was hearing there are two missionaries to be here next week. I know all about them. They buy curios and live in perfect palaces. It's a fine money-making business. I've thought sometimes of becoming one myself."

"You're wrong again, Mr Badden. One of them has come home for two months to settle up his father's estate. He has been a missionary for seventeen years and has never taken a penny of salary. The other has come home to undergo an operation. During the Boxer war he was captured, and tied to a cross with ropes, and they were actually on the point of driving in the nails when he was rescued by the Japanese."

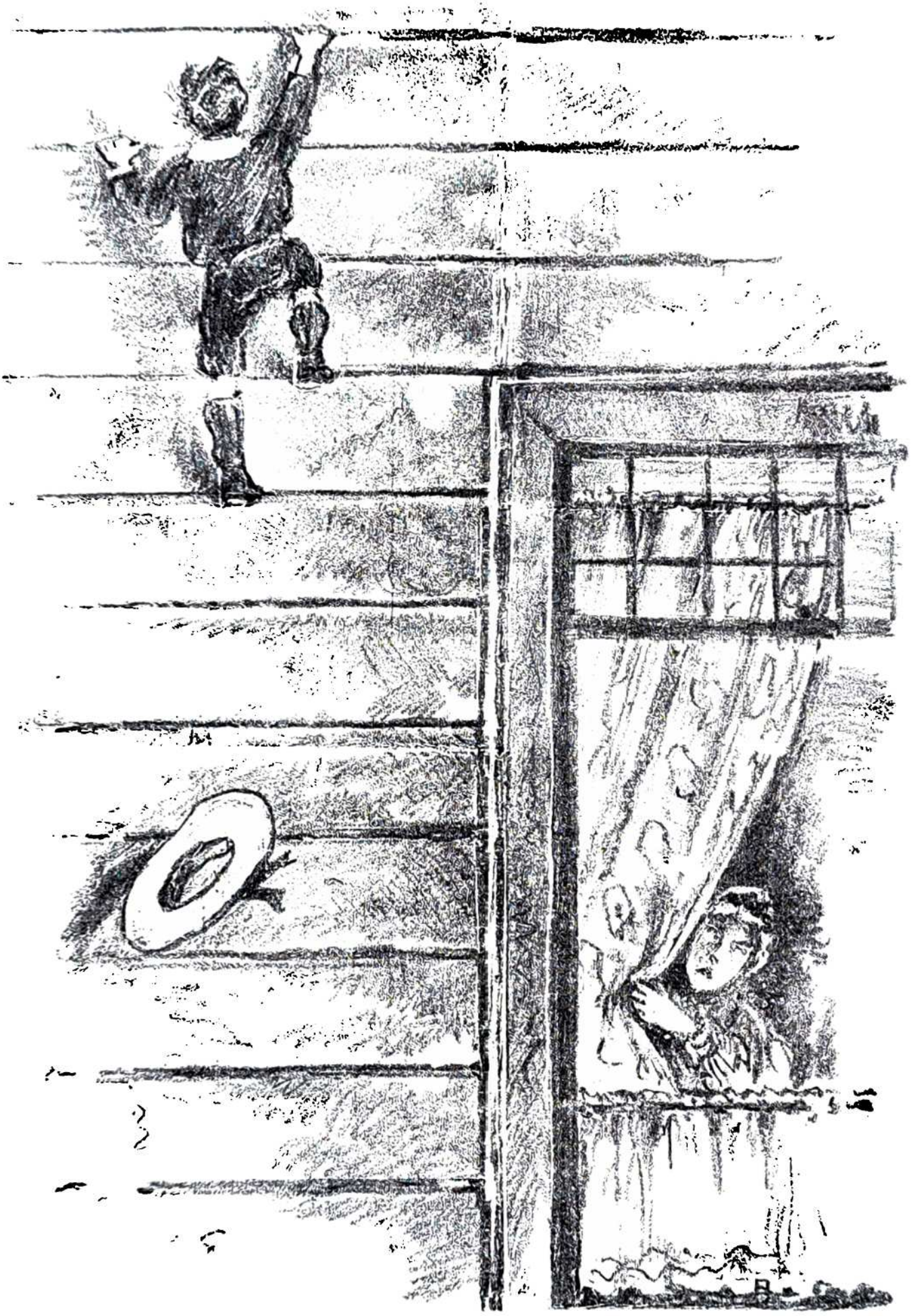
He was silent for a little after that, but, presently, pointing to two ladies on the beach—they were the presidents of the Dorcas Society and the British Women's Temperance Society—he said, "I wonder whose characters these two will be tearing up?"

That is why we call Mr. Badden the "Evil Surmiser." We got the word from our minister's text one day, *Evil surmisings*, 1 Tim. 6, 4. Some one looked up the dictionary and said, "But there is no such word as *surmiser*."

"Oh well, there should be, for we've got the thing, and the thing is as ugly as the name."

Reasons for not going to Church. 10th Series.—No. 11.

This boy, who is climbing up what masons call the "channelled" face of a building—the grooves are hardly an inch deep, and he has to come down again!—is not allowed to go to Church because, so his mother says, "he has always been a very nervous child."



1	S	The Child Jesus grew, and waxed strong, filled with wisdom.—*Luke 2, 40 (R.V.).*
2	M	Jesus (12 years old) advanced in wisdom and stature.—*v. 52.*
3	Tu	The fool foldeth his hands together.—*Eccles. 4, 5.* Dr. Adam, 1741–1809, Rector of Edinburgh High School, used to say that he had often known boys change natures immediately after leaving school, one from fancying that nothing more required to be done, the other from discovering that he had everything to do.
4	W	Knowledge puffeth up.—*1 Cor. 8, 1.*
5	Th	If a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing.—*Gal. 6, 3.*
6	F	Thou sayest, I have need of nothing; *Rev. 3, 17 (R.V.)*
7	S	And knowest not that thou art the wretched one and miserable.
8	S	Jesus, knowing that He was come from God, and went to God,
9	M	Took a towel. After that He poureth water into a bason.—*John 13, 3.*
10	Tu	Thy King cometh: lowly, and riding upon an ass.—*Zech. 9, 9.*
11	W	Paul gathered a bundle of sticks.—*Acts 28, 3.* "The Calif Omar (d. 644) being thirsty, seeing the slave in charge of the fountain asleep, rose and helped himself. 'Why did you do that?' said a general. 'You should have waked the slave.' Omar replied, 'I rose and I was Omar. I returned, and I am Omar.'"—*Story of Moukhtar Pasha's in Sir H. Drummond Wolff's Recollections.*
12	Th	Abraham ran unto the herd, and fetched a calf.—*Gen. 18, 7.*
13	F	He that is greatest among you shall be your servant.
14	S	God hath respect unto the lowly.—*Ps. 138, 6.*
15	S	I am among you as he that serveth.—*Luke 22, 27.*
16	M	If I then, the Lord and the Master, have washed your feet,
17	Tu	Ye also ought to wash one another's feet.—*John 13, 14 (R.V.).*
18	W	I have set before thee an open door.—*Rev. 3, 8.*
19	Th	A doorkeeper.—*Ps. 84, 10.* "My father admonished me to run and open a gate for an old man before us, bending under the weight of a bundle of sticks. I was either wilful or slow. I did not open the gate. My father was very angry, and bade me turn back and go to bed. I never forgot that lesson."—*Mrs. Sherwood.*
20	F	Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head.—*Lev. 19, 32.*
21	S	The faces of elders were not honoured.—*Lam. 5, 12.*
22	S	Thy word have I laid up in my heart.—*Ps. 119, 11 (R.V.).*
23	M	Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.—*v. 105.*
24	Tu	I will run the way of Thy commandments.—*v. 32.*
25	W	I shall keep the way of Thy statutes unto the end.—*v. 33.*
26	Th	I will walk at liberty.—*v. 45.* "No traveller should be without matches, water-tight in metal case. He should not only have a pocket-compass, but, what is not so common a possession, the requisite confidence in its indications."—*Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard's Unknown Labrador.*
27	F	The sum of Thy word is truth.—*v. 160 (R.V.).*
28	S	Thy law do I love.—*v. 163.*
29	S	At the commandment of the Lord they rested in the tents.—*Num 9, 23.*
30	M	At the commandment of the Lord they journeyed. "Sabbath is like a stile between the fields of toil, where we can kneel and pray, or sit and meditate."—*Longfellow's Diary.*

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December, 1908. One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXI. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 12.

"Father's afraid of Us!"

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH" for 1908, Vol. XXI. Price One Shilling.

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There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear.—1 Cor. 10, 13.

MANY years ago I used to meet now and again on a country road a boy who was subject at times to some kind of fit. His companions at school had teased him so much that he could be kept there safely no longer. He was sturdily built and excessively strong, and the doctors thought it might do him good, mentally and physically, if he were set for a time to outdoor labour. He used to go accordingly to a public work belonging to one of his relatives, and there he toiled for several hours every day, trundling his barrow with the rest of the men. His prodigious strength, and his willingness to do anything that he was asked, equally astonished them, and some of them with a shameful thoughtlessness, if not a cruel deliberation, used to try, as they said, "to break him down," by giving him the heaviest possible loads to wheel. And the poor creature never said a word.

One afternoon, as he was going home early, he joined himself to me on the road, and we fell a-talking. He told me he said his prayers to Jesus every morning and every evening.

"And what do you pray for?" I asked.

"I ask Him to make me good, and to bless all my friends."

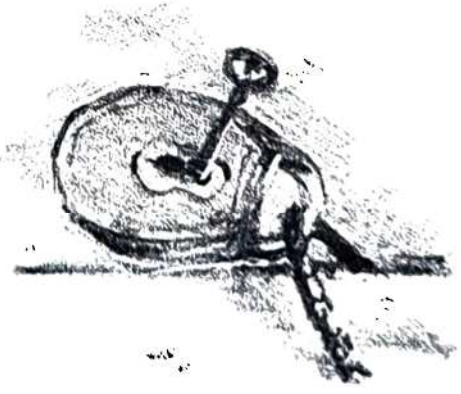
"And do you not pray for anything else?"

"Ay."

"Are you willing to tell me what else?"

"Ay. I ask Him to keep the men from loading my barrow so heavy."

Sometimes as we grow old we think the burden that is laid on us is more than we can stand, and it certainly would be if Satan had his will. But God watches him, and God is faithful—faithful to His knowledge of our frailty, faithful to His sense of infinite justice, faithful to His character and history in time past, and faithful to His promise, and He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. And further, with every trial there is made *also the way of escape.* Just as when one buys a lock one gets the key that opens it, so the trial and the way of escape fit each other and are joined by God together.



What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

(Continued from page 125, and concluded.)

What is thy name? Winifred.

WINIFRED, which they say means *Peacemaker*—"and blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God"—was the name of the wife of Peter, the Welsh preacher, whose strange spiritual history George Borrow describes at some length in the story of his own life in *Lavengro*. She was very good-looking, with a composed yet cheerful expression of countenance, "decked with quiet graces." She stirred up the gifts that were in her husband, telling him that if "he would but exert himself there was much good he might do in the wide world with the blessing of God," and so it was her husband could describe her as "the truest wife that ever man had, and the kindest." Let me put to you with all affection the question she put to George Borrow—"Excuse me, but do you know anything about God?" and let me wish for you, now and at all times, as she wished for him, "that you may be visited by sweet and holy thoughts."

Zilpah.

"It is the unexpected that happens, and it is therefore conceivable that some one who reads this may be called ZILPAH, but it is not likely, and indeed one would be surprised to find three of that name in all Britain. It was the name of Leah's maid, the mother of Gad and Asher, 3600 years ago, and in modern times it was the name of the mother of the poet Longfellow. Her father was a General Peleg Wadsworth, a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens of *Mayflower* and *Miles Standish* memory, and as her minister was Ichabod Nichols, her people evidently did not stay in the beaten track when they searched for names. She had a brother Henry, after whom the poet was called, a lieutenant in the American Navy, who in his 19th year voluntarily perished in the fireship *Intrepid*, blown up before Tripoli, 4 Sept., 1804, to save it from falling into the enemy's hands. The poet's mother was fond of poetry and music, loved nature in all its aspects, would sit by a window during a thunderstorm, was a good neighbour, kind to the poor, and a constant reader of the Bible, especially the Psalms. On Sabbath evenings she used to take up the great Family Bible, and look at the pictures, and sing, and go over "the family record of births and deaths which grew upon the blank pages between the Old and New Testaments." Here is an extract from one of her letters in 1824, when her son was 17. "Not a day passes that I do not think of my absent sons, nor do I ever forget them in my daily petitions to that Being Who alone can protect us." She died in 1851. Her son, summoned by telegram, went to Portland and found her lying "in a chamber where I last took leave of her, to welcome and take leave of me no more. I sat all that night alone with the body, without terror, almost without sorrow, so tranquil had been her death. A sense of peace came over me, as if there had been no shock or jar in nature, but a harmonious close to a long life. Next day I looked for the last time at the mild sweet face of my mother."

What is thy name? Zipporah.

ZIPPORAH, one of the least regarded women in the Bible, might have been one of the best known and best loved women in human history had she only known how great a chance she had in being asked to be the help-meet of such a man as Moses.

John Arthur Roebuck, 1802-1897, grandson of Dr. John Roebuck, founder of the Carron Ironworks near Falkirk, and himself known as "Tear 'em," one of the potsherds and firebrands of Parliamentary life who have their brief day, had for his father an Ebenezer, and for his mother a Zipporah, a conjunction of Scripture names not easily to be matched. She was the daughter of a Mr. Tickell, brother-in-law to Richard Brinsley Sheridan the tragedian and orator She was married at the age of 16, but was early left a widow with six children and slender means, her husband having died in India when he had an almost certain prospect of making a great fortune. Being very beautiful, very clever, and fascinating, she was sought in marriage by many, and finally accepted a Mr. Simpson, with whom in spite of great poverty she lived happily till her death in Canada in 1842. She taught her son to read *with feeling*. For many years it was his custom to go into her room before she was up, and lay on her dressing-table a letter written on any subject that suggested itself to his fancy. When she first proposed this to him, he objected on the ground that he had nothing to say. Her answer was—"Never mind that, write anything, no matter what. Tell me what you have done during the day, what you have seen, what you have read. You may always find something, never mind how trivial. You will find as time goes on the task more easy, and by-and-by it will become a pleasure." "And so it did," he adds.

In her girlhood Mrs. Roebuck had one singular experience. She was brought up by a Miss Anne Boscawen to whom her father at one time had been engaged. Miss or rather Mrs. Boscawen, to give her official title, was one of Queen Charlotte's Maids of Honour. She gave up her post in order to be married, but Mr. Tickell broke his word. She returned to Court to act as the Queen's laundress, a post at that time thought worthy even of a peer's daughter. Many waters, however, cannot quench love, and some years afterwards, when Mr. Tickell's children were left orphans, she sent for them and brought them up as though they had been her own—so like is woman's love to the love of God.

With that touching story these Notes on Women's Names now come to an end. They were begun in the January Number of *The Morning Watch*, 1899. The Names that have since been gone over month by month are these: in 1899, Abigail, Adah, Adelaide, Agnes, Alice, Alison, Amelia, Annie; in 1900, Arabella, Augusta, Barbara, Beatrice, Bethia, Blanche, Bridget, Candace, Caroline, Catherine, Cecilia, Charlotte, Christina, Clara; in 1901, Clotilda, Constance, Cordelia, Cornelia, Deborah, Dorothy, Edith, Eleanor, Elizabeth, Elspeth, Emily, Emma, Esther, Eunice, Euphemia; 1901, Flora, Florence, Frances, Georgina, Gertrude, Grace, Grizel, Gulielma, Hannah, Helen, Henrietta, Hester; in 1903, Isabella, Jane, Janet,

What is thy name?

Jean, Jemima, Joan, Jocosa, Joyce, Judith, Julia; in 1904, Juliana, Laura, Letitia, Lettice, Lily, Louisa, Lucy, Lydia, Mabel, Magdalen, Margaret; in 1905, Marian, Marianne, Marion, Marjory, Martha, Matilda, Maud, May, Mercy, Mildred, Millicent; in 1906, Miriam, Muriel, Olive, Olympia, Patience, Patricia, Penelope, Penuel, Philadelphia, Philippa, Phoebe, Phyllis, Pleasance, Priscilla, Prudence, Rachel, Rebecca, Robina; in 1907, Rose, Roxana, Ruth, Sapphira, Sarah, Selina, Sibyl, Sibella, Sophia, Susan; and this year, Tabitha, Temperance, Theodora, Theodosia, Theophila, Thomasina, Tryphena, Una, Ursula, Violet, Virginia, Wilhelmina, Winifred, Zilpah, and Zipporah—123 in all.

Those of you who have names that are beautiful in themselves, or that have been made beautiful by those who have borne them before you, must see to it that you keep their beauty undiminished and their honour untarnished. "Remember," said Alexander the Great to one of his soldiers who was called Alexander, "remember that you bear my name and act worthily of it." A decoration constitutes an obligation. If your name is an ugly one, or if the sin of others has made it hateful or ignoble, ask God to help you by His grace to redeem it, and He will beautify it with His salvation. And seeing a child's name is a big bit of its inheritance, if any of you in the years to come are called in the providence of God to choose a name for any one, you must plead with God to guide you in your choice. Try to please Him, and Him only. And upon every one of you may He write His Own New Name—whatever that may mean—at last, and may I be there to see it, one with you in Christ.

The hoary head is a crown of glory, it shall be found in the way of righteousness.—Prov. 16, 31.

ONE of the most interesting and touching things belonging to me is a hammer that was used for breaking stones by an old man whom I knew in Wigtownshire. One Sabbath night, after the Communion, about three years ago, he was speaking to me about his age. He was eighty-three, and had had a hard life, but was as willing and eager to work as ever, though he owned it took him nearly twice as long to break a cubic yard of stones as it used to do when he was a younger man. On the Wednesday after, he was found on his stone-heap lying dead, with the hammer beside him.

In the newly published *Life of Dr. John Watson* (Ian MacLaren), we are told that when he was a child, as he gazed at the procession of elders at the administration of the Lord's Supper, he was specially interested in an old man with very white hair and a meek, reverent face. Some time after he was walking on the road and passed a man breaking stones. The white hair caught his attention, and he looked back and recognised the elder who had carried the cup. Full of curiosity and wonder, he told his father the strange tale. His father explained to him that the reason why the old man held so high a place in the church was that although he was one of the poorest men in all the town, he was one of the holiest. "Remember," said his father, "the

Best Man that ever lived upon this earth was the poorest, for our Lord had not where to lay His head"; and he added, "James breaks stones for his living, but he knows more about God than any person I have ever met." "So he learned that evening, and never departed from the faith, that the greatest thing in all the world is *character*, and *the crown of character* is *holiness*."

And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf pluckt off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.—Gen. 8,11.

MISS JESSAMINE OSBOURNE'S house had once been surrounded by green fields and approached by a grand avenue of chestnut trees. The trees were now gone, all but three, and where the green fields had been there were now rows of miners' cottages. She was a very handsome woman, though now somewhat elderly. There were three things of which she was very proud: 1. her ancient lineage, as she called it; 2. the exquisite neatness of her house and garden; and 3. her absolute truthfulness. No Osbourne, she affirmed —though it is a little hard to believe it—had ever been known to tell a lie or break his word, and there had been eight generations of them. In each of these three things she needed a little humbling, and she got it, and this is how.

CHAPTER I.

She was checking two women one day for something or other their husbands had done to one of the trees. The women, not knowing any better, said the trees were as much their's as her's. "I am the eighth in descent from Sir Patrick Fitzjames Osbourne, who planted them," was her proud answer.

A new schoolmaster had lately come to the village, and the children at nights had been astonishing their parents with things he told them in the Bible lesson, and one of the women, remembering what her boy had told her, replied with a fine affectation of haughtiness, "Eighth in descent! Is that all? My man is 120th in descent from Noah that built the ark, and her man"—pointing to the other woman—"is 122nd in descent from Methuselah."

Miss Osbourne, hurt not only at such falsehood, but even more by what she considered the daring blasphemy of the woman, declined all further argument. But that very day she called on her minister and told him her horror at what had happened. But she got little consolation from him. "I'm afraid, Miss Osbourne," he said, "that you are in the wrong for once. Aren't we all descended from both Noah and Methuselah?"

CHAPTER II.

One day in late autumn Miss Osbourne and her maids and her old coachman had been sweeping into one great heap for leaf-mould the leaves that the frost had nipped off the night before. Some boys who had already carried off handfuls and armfuls to make a bonfire were caught coming for more, and were only let off on condition that they brought back every leaf they had taken away. And most faithfully and joyfully did they endeavour to make good their word. Every two minutes all that Friday afternoon and evening, and every two all Saturday, did that gate swing open, boys bringing back in twos and threes the leaves that had been stolen from Miss Jessamine. And

every boy brought out at least three for every one he brought in, and did some damage or other in addition. The grounds, to the poor lady's distress, became like a fair, for every boy, and some of the girls as well, were all bent on recovering her lost property. She tried to forbid them, but one of the boys reminded her that no Osbourne ever broke his word, and, quoting again from the schoolmaster, said, "The Osbournes are like the Kings of Persia, they can't break a decree they once make, though they can make a new decree."

"Very well," she said, "I make a new decree. The very first boy or girl that comes in at this gate with any more leaves, it doesn't matter who he is or who she is, will get a pailful of water poured down the back of his neck." (A grandson of Sir Patrick Fitzjames' had once done something or other in this line in a siege, only it was with molten lead, and it was some faint reminiscence of this that had passed through her mind).

CHAPTER III.

Five minutes after she had uttered this threat, when the boys had not yet fixed on their plan of action, a little boy, three years old, the child of a visitor to the neighbourhood, and as "taking" a child as one could wish to see, having seen the other children carrying leaves and having dimly gathered that in some way such offerings were acceptable to the lady who lived in the grand house, went in at the gate bearing for his gift a huge green and yellow chestnut leaf that he had found. The coachman caught him and led him a willing prisoner to his mistress. For a moment, perhaps for three moments, she was angry, but there was something in the child's gesture and in his innocent look that reminded her of the Noah's dove with the pluckt leaf that crowned the sounding board over the minister's head in church, and what could she do but smile and take the little creature in her arms? So the boys who were peering through the gates in a kind of joyous terror knew that "the rain was restrained, and that the waters were abated."

"The Gate A-falling To."

And the door was shut.—Matt. 25, 10.

Of all village sounds, says Sir Frederick Treves in his *Highways and Byways in Dorset*, the one of most human interest is the click of the latch as the garden gate falls to. It marks the neighbour's gossiping visit, the lover's shy call, the home-coming of the tired husband, the slinking back of the prodigal, the first venturing forth of the baby, and the last home-leaving of the lad who is away to the wars. Thus it comes about that the little history of the village is to be recorded in the click of its garden gates.

"And oh! it is a touching thing
The loving heart must rue,
To hear behind his last farewell
The gate a-falling to."

'en thy son, seeing there is hope; and set thy heart on his destruction.—Prov. 18 (R.V.)

'hold not correction from the child: for 'hou beat him with the rod, he shall not . Thou shalt beat him with the rod, l shalt deliver his soul from hell.—Prov. 13.

there are any of you who have a mother that doesn't like to whip you lest it should hurt your health or lessen your love, and find in consequence that you have begun to despise her, you might read this story to her about a Mr. Albert Hopkins, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in an American University, who died in 1872. It is told by one who was present at what must have been, to begin with, a very painful scene.

When the future Professor was

between two and three years old, and standing one day in the middle of the room, his mother who was seated bade him come to her. He refused. She tried persuasion with no avail, and then went and whipped him. Seating herself again, she told him to come. He again refused, and was again whipped; and this went on, the whippings becoming more severe, till it seemed as if he would be whipped to death.

During the whippings he screamed, and then stood sullen and defiant. At length, after the severest whipping of all, when his mother had seated herself and bade him come, as beforetime, he stretched out both arms and ran to her and hid his face in her lap and sobbed. From that hour he never once disobeyed her again, but grew up to be one of the most affectionate and dutiful of sons.

If your mothers say, "O that's only an American story, and they do queer things there!" you might read to her the story of Eli in 1st Samuel. Only, you would do well to remember that while Eli was punished for his sin, his sons were punished for theirs.

I heard the Rev. John M'Neill say once that when one of his children was checked for disobedience and said by way of excuse that it wasn't his fault but Satan's who had tempted him, his mother very cleverly answered, "Well, whether it's Satan's fault or not, it won't be Satan that is to get the whipping!"

Reasons for not going to Church. 10th Series.—No. 12.

This woman, having gone to the "Cake and Candy Sale on behalf of the Congregation's Funds," found to her indignation that the Anti-macassar which she had been crocheting for it all summer, and had marked at the very low price of 16/, had been re-marked by the minister's wife 2/11! To make matters worse, when she had resolved to buy it back herself, the lady in charge of the Stall had said to her she thought she might find something prettier for the money.

"But"—to use her own words—"I said, 'Pretty or not pretty, I wish it,' and when I had got it and my penny in change, I told the lady it was my own work and cheap at the money, for there was 10/6 worth of material in it. And you should have seen her face! Then I went straight into the Church and brought away my Bible and my footstool. And that's the last they'll see of me."

1	Tu	Where is the disputer of the world?—*1 Cor. 1, 20.* When Isaac Casaubon, 1559-1614, one of the greatest scholars of his time, was visiting the College of the Sorbonne in Paris, his guide said, "In this hall they have carried on disputations now for 400 years!" "And what have they decided?" was his answer.
2	W	Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.—*2 Tim. 3, 7.*
3	Th	Thou hast revealed these things unto babes.—*Luke 10, 21.*
4	F	The scribes saw the children saying, Hosanna.—*Matt. 21, 15.*
5	S	The meek will God teach His way.—*Ps. 25, 9.*
6	S	Ye careless ones.—*Is. 32, 11.* Dr. Ridding, when Headmaster of Winchester, said of a boy—"He combines the slowness of the tortoise with the readiness of the hare to fall asleep."
7	M	Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty.—*Prov. 20, 13.*
8	Tu	Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.—*Prov. 23, 21.*
9	W	The spirit of slumber.—*Rom. 11, 8.* "A spirit of stupor." *(R. V.).*
10	Th	Their destruction slumbereth not.—*2 Pet. 2, 3 (R. V.).*
11	F	Now it is high time for you to awake out of sleep: *Rom. 13, 11 (R. V.).*
12	S	For now is salvation nearer to us than when we first believed.
13	S	The voice of thy watchmen!—*Is. 52, 8 (R. V.).* "When the watch was set at night, one-third of them were on the quarter-deck, another on the forecastle, and the other third in the waist; every ten minutes the officer of the watch cried out, 'Keep a good look-out on the forecastle there,' then one from the forecastle cried, 'Keep a good look-out in the waist there,' then one from the waist cried, 'Keep a good look-out abaft there,' then the whole would cry out all together, 'Aye, aye.'"—*A Mariner of England, 1790.*
14	M	They lift up the voice, together do they sing;
15	Tu	For they shall see, eye to eye, when the Lord returneth to Zion.
16	W	Exhort one another daily.—*Heb. 3, 13.*
17	Th	Admonish the disorderly,
18	F	Encourage the fainthearted.— *2 Thess. 5, 14 (R. V.).*
19	S	Your zeal hath stirred up very many.—*2 Cor. 9, 2.*
20	S	They be many that fight proudly against me.—*Ps. 56, 2.* "Be with me in the holidays. I fear them."—*Longfellow's Journal.*
21	M	A law in my members warring against the law of my mind.—*Rom. 7, 23.*
22	Tu	The devil is come, having great wrath.
23	W	Because he knoweth he hath but a short time.—*Rev. 12, 12.*
24	Th	There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear:
25	F	God will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able;
26	S	But will with the temptation make also the way of escape.—*1 Cor. 10. 13 (R. V.).*
27	S	The time past of our life.—*1 Pet. 4, 3.*
28	M	The provocation (the time we did nothing but provoke God).—*Heb 3, 18.*
29	Tu	To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.—*v. 15.*
30	W	The rest of your time.—*1 Pet. 4, 2.*
31	Th	Sanctify yourselves against to-morrow.—*Josh. 7, 13.* "There is a strange mysterious feeling at midnight of the old year. It is as if some one were dying in the darkness."—*Longfellow's Journal.*

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